

# *Old Likker in a New Jug*

## ELDORADO

(THE WORD "Eldorado" had much appeal in 1849, the year of the California gold fever. Poe's poem mocks that fever, asserting that true riches are not to be found in this world.

Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow—  
"Shadow," said he,  
"Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied,—  
"If you seek for Eldorado!"



*Washington Irving*

**Warre and Pees**

"The Destinee, ministre general.

## OLD HAY RIDE

Under the glimmer of a great big  
moon beam, rolling along,  
While we're all singing a song,  
Its great to cuddle and kiss some  
dear little miss,  
Then if the sweetest little girl in  
the world,  
Is there by your side,  
If you ain't hugging and kissing,  
There's something you're miss-  
ing,  
On a good old time hay ride.

Folks are congregating from far  
and wide,  
Everybody's ready for the big  
hay ride,  
Everyone's excited, everyone's  
delegated,  
Every fellow's got a lady by his  
side.

Look at all the fellows in their  
Sunday clothes,  
Gals galavanting in their  
curls and bows,  
Beautiful nighttime, now is the  
right time,  
Time to forget your woes.

We'll dance all night, til broad  
daylight,  
And wake up the folks along the  
way,  
We'll still be sparking and stil  
juv-a-larkin'  
Till the roosters wake to crow in  
a new day.



# Putnam Court House Is a Scandal

A recent column described how the West Virginia town of Summersville is saving themselves \$150,000 and the federal government three quarters of a million dollars by doing a job without federal aid. A project contemplated here in Putnam County would be the exact opposite.

The county governing board has decided that a greatly expanded and improved courthouse is needed. Their plans call for an \$8.25 million project for a county of about 35,000 population is contemplating a \$2 to \$3 million project.

The county commissioners recognize that the people would never support such an extravagant plan if it were submitted to them in a bond election, so they have decided to bypass the will of the people.

A non profit corporation has been set up to build the courthouse and lease it to the county for forty years. At the end of that period the title will pass to the county. The project will be financed by a loan from the federal Farmer's Home Administration at 5% interest. The payments will be \$40,000 per month of which \$34,375 will be interest and only \$5,625 per month will go to pay off the principal. As the principal is reduced the interest will also

## **FIKE'S PIQUE** **By Elmer Fike**

reduce, and the payment on the principal will increase, but it will take forty years to retire the note.

Over the term of the note even at the low 5% interest the county will pay \$10.8 million in interest, but this is not all by any means. The federal government is paying close to 10% interest on the money they are borrowing which means the federal taxpayer (which is us) is subsidizing the project to the extent of another \$10 - \$12 million.

And even this isn't all. By going the federal financing route the cost of the project will be much greater than it needs to be. The red tape, extra engineering, and legal costs greatly increase the total cost. The Davis-Bacon Act requires federally financed projects to pay the very highest wages. Together these and other factors could easily double the cost.

The sum and substance of all this is that in order to get a \$ million courthouse addition the taxpayer will pay \$8 million

for a \$4 million project.

Putnam County has an extremely low property tax, but this results from the county's having lived within its means. With the exception of school construction Putnam County has never passed a bond issue and has paid cash for all other county projects. As a result it has saved greatly by not accruing debt and the accompanying interest. Far better that they divide the project into units and each year build what it can afford with the \$480,000 it contemplates as annual payments on the project. With wise and frugal planning the same results can be achieved in about eight years with no further debt and no interest.

It will be argued, no doubt, that the cost will be increased greatly in eight years due to inflation and that if we build now we will pay it off with devaluated dollars. This has some validity if we assume and accept continuing inflation, but this is exactly the thinking that is largely responsible for inflation.

Summersville struck a blow at inflation when they turned down a government grant and saved money in the process. Let the battle against extravagance and inflation continue here in Putnam County.









**It's a good picture, this of John Brown stopping to kiss a black baby on his way to the scaffold in a Jefferson county field. Only, historians say it never happened. Just used for Northern propaganda against the slave-holding South. Below is the John Brown you meet in the wax museum at Harpers Ferry.**

# *In Flanders Fields*

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

### THE CALL

BY JOHN D. McCRAE

Lieutenant-Colonel John D. McCrae was a physician in the army of Montreal, Canada, when he answered the call to serve his country in the great war. The devastation of Belgium, with everywhere a burying ground, so deeply moved him that in April, 1915, during the Second Battle of Ypres, he wrote this poem. He is speaking for the Belgian dead. On January 28, 1918, he died in Flanders.

**I**N FLANDERS fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders fields.

# *Old Likker In A New Jug*

## **WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT**

When but a child I used to go  
To bed at eight each night  
The nurse girl used to fright-  
en me,  
When she put out the light,  
She'd talk of ghosts and  
goblins,  
In a very awful way,  
She'd then put out the  
candle,  
And to me she used to say.

**CHORUS:** Where was Moses  
when the light went out  
Where was Moses, what was  
he about?  
Now, my little man, tell me,  
if you can,  
Where was Moses when the  
light went out?

Now Moses being my Christ-  
ian name,  
I used to feel afraid,  
And dreading something  
awful,  
I, for hours, awake have  
laid,



But horrid things I dream'd,  
For naughty ghosts at my  
bedside,  
Glared at me while they  
scream'd,

Upon the nurse I split,  
And she kindly asked to  
leave,  
But Moses Muggins married  
her,  
For which we did not grieve  
I met her in the streets,  
When she had just two days  
been wed,  
And didn't she warm my  
jacket,  
When I innocently said.

Some twenty years passed  
by,  
Before I heard the phrase  
again,  
Alone with a young lady,  
I was riding in a train,  
We rushed into a tunnell,  
And when all was pitchy  
dark,  
My lovely little lady friend  
Gave vent to this remark:

Now when once more the  
light of day we saw,  
To her I said,  
As you've awakened up old  
memories,  
You're the girl I'd like to  
wed,  
We're married now, and six  
fine boys,  
Amuse us every night,  
And sing this jolly chorus,  
When their Pa puts out the  
light.

# Mother Of Greenbrier Ghost Immortalized

By Mary Phipps

A bright sunny day, beautiful music, dinner on the ground, a talk by Shirley Donnelly, and approximately 500 attendants were all a part of the Soule Chapel Methodist Church Homecoming Day, and Zona Heaster Shue Dedication Service held at the small country church near Meadow Buff, in Greenbrier County, this summer.

Mr. Donnelly, a well known minister and historian from Oak Hill, brought as his guests: Joe and Marian McQuade and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cephrick of Oak Hill. Mrs. McQuade, founder of Grandparents Day, was introduced during the worship service and spoke briefly to the group.

The Donnelly group was escorted from Rainelle over the Old James River and Kanawha

Turnpike by Doris Adkins of Rainelle. Mrs. Adkins also brought Caroline Bills and Bertha Pickering.

The Kincaid Family provided music as did the Traveller's Quartet and Roy Gwinn, minister of Soule Chapel.

Rev. Donnelly led the large group to the small cemetery where Zona Heaster Shue's tombstone was unveiled following a brief ceremony. Mrs. Mary Phipps, who had spearheaded the fund-raising drive to purchase the tombstone for the unmarked grave, placed a flower arrangement donated by Valley Flowers for the occasion.

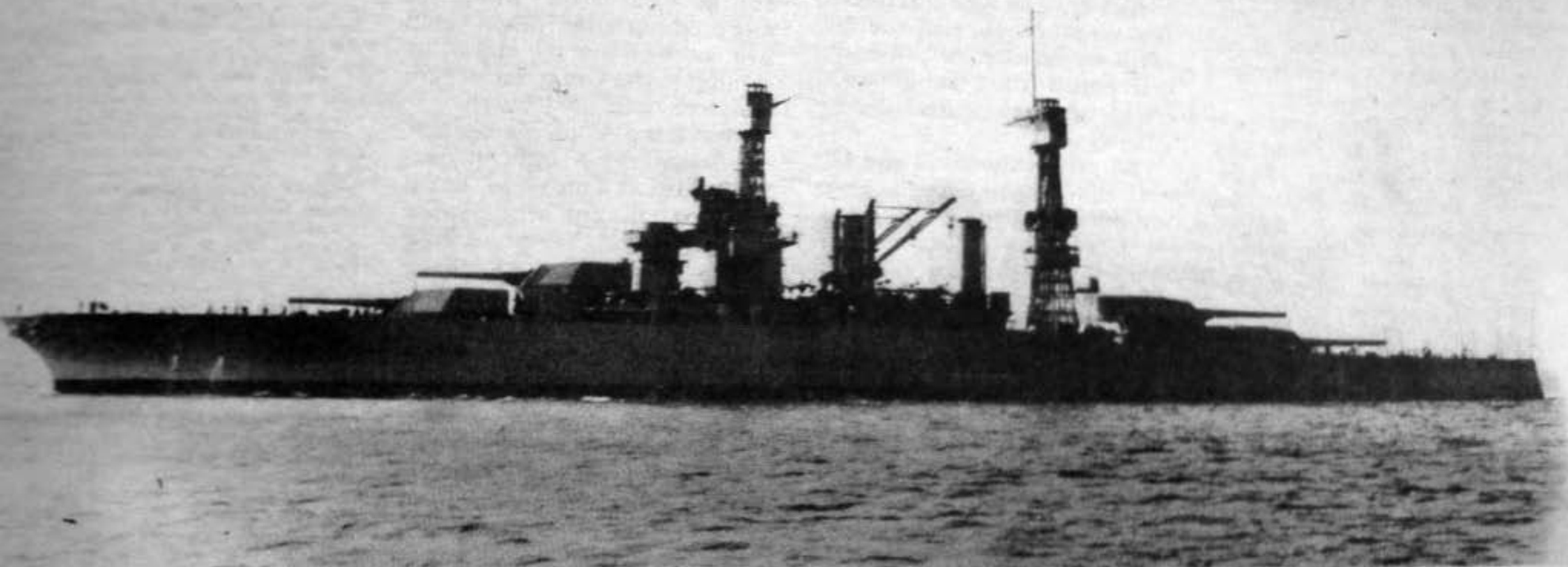
Mrs. Shue gained recognition in 1897 when her visitations to her mother were used in a court of law to bring about a conviction for her murder. According to Jim Comstock, editor of The West Virginia Hillbilly, there is only one other similar case where a ghost's testimony has been

[On Page 23]



Mother of the ghost no longer anonymous.





**THE U.S.S. WEST VIRGINIA.** The grand old lady of the seas will live again.

*Our Next Serial*

**The  
Mountain State Battleship**

**The U.S.S. West Virginia**

By Myron J. Smith

**FOREWORD**

I am grateful and honored to introduce this history of the USS "West Virginia". Perhaps it is fitting that I do so as her last captain.

From the day she was commissioned to the end, she was a marked ship. Her battery of sixteen-inch guns was unexcelled, and her electric drive propulsion uniformly reliable. There was the keenest competition to serve on board, and to be in command was almost a sure step to promotion and flag rank.

When repaired after being sunk at Pearl Harbor, Captain Wiley did a magnificent job in organizing, training, and getting the ship ready for combat, and the role she played during the balance of the war in the Philippines and at Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

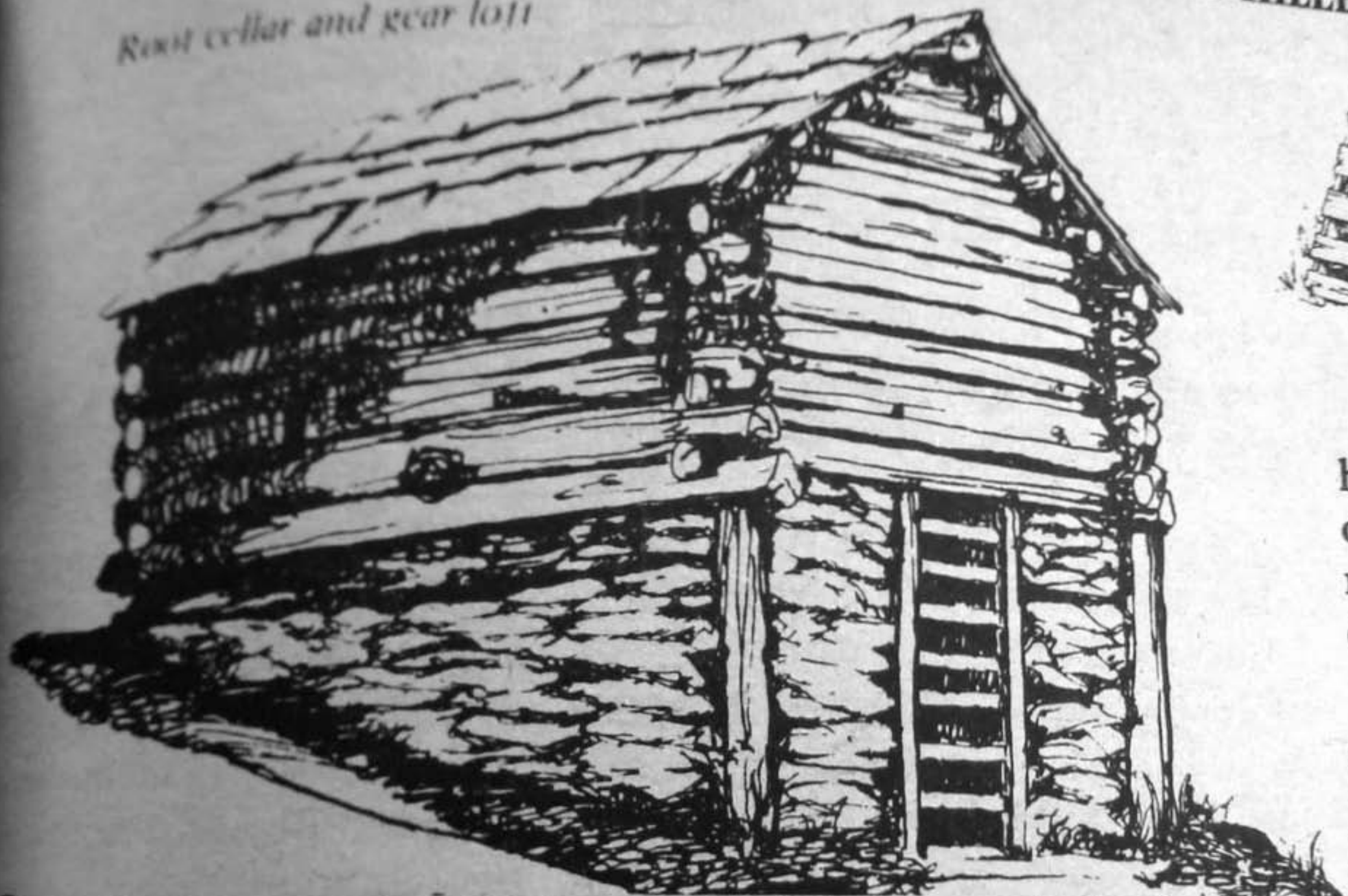
This book is an excellent account, well researched and well told, and should evoke fond memories for all those who served on old "Task Force Forty-Eight" and bring pride to all of those who never knew her.

R. W. Holsinger  
Rear Admiral, US Navy (Ret.)  
Arlington, Virginia  
October 25, 1977

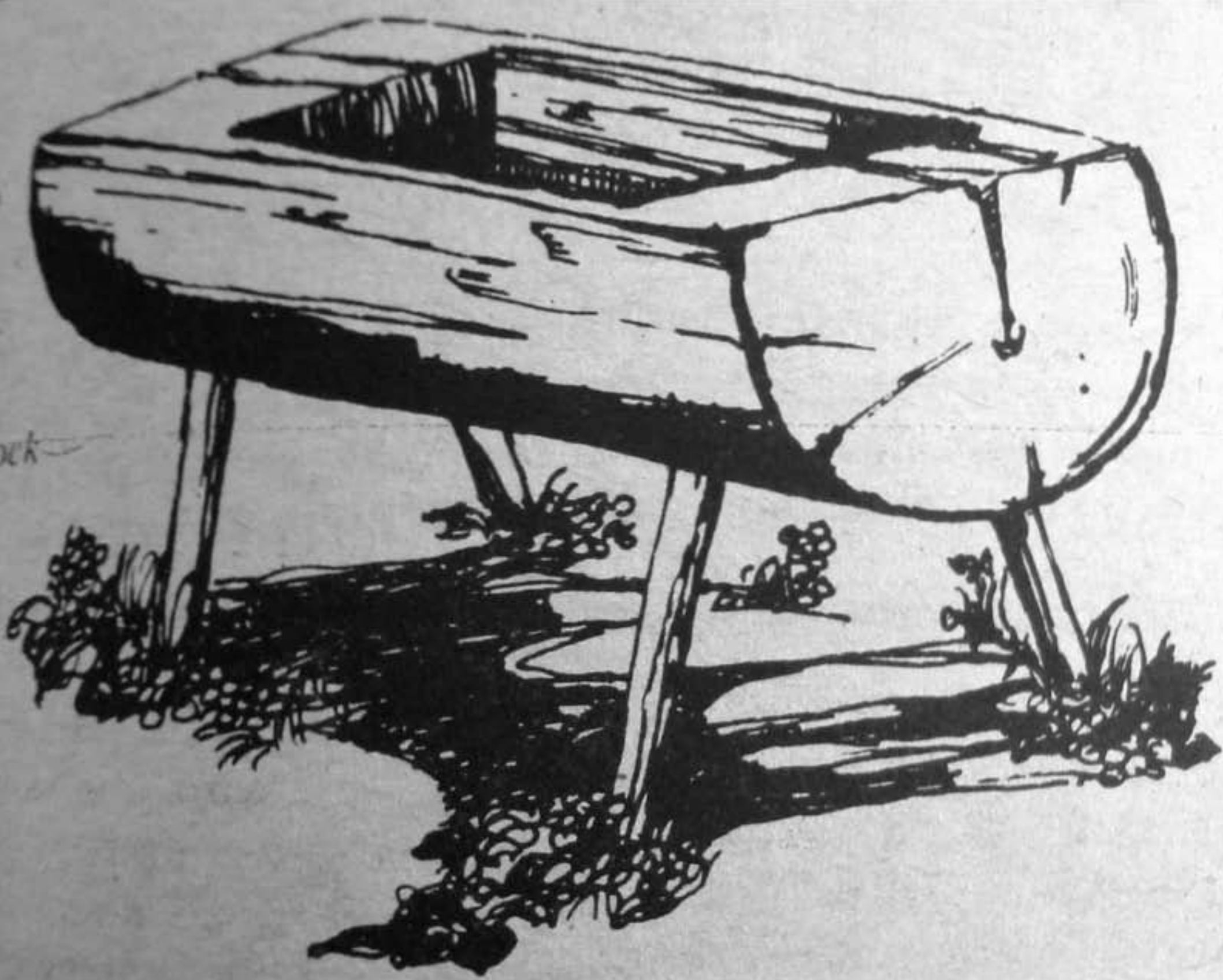
***Starts Next Week***



Root cellar and gear loft



Root cellars on the family farm provided a cool, dark place for the storage of fruits and vegetables, as well as smoked and cured meats. Two doors were used: in the summer, an "outer door" provided ventilation. "Gear," or tools, were stored in the loft above. Root cellars were often dug into the hillsides, which made them both cool and dark.

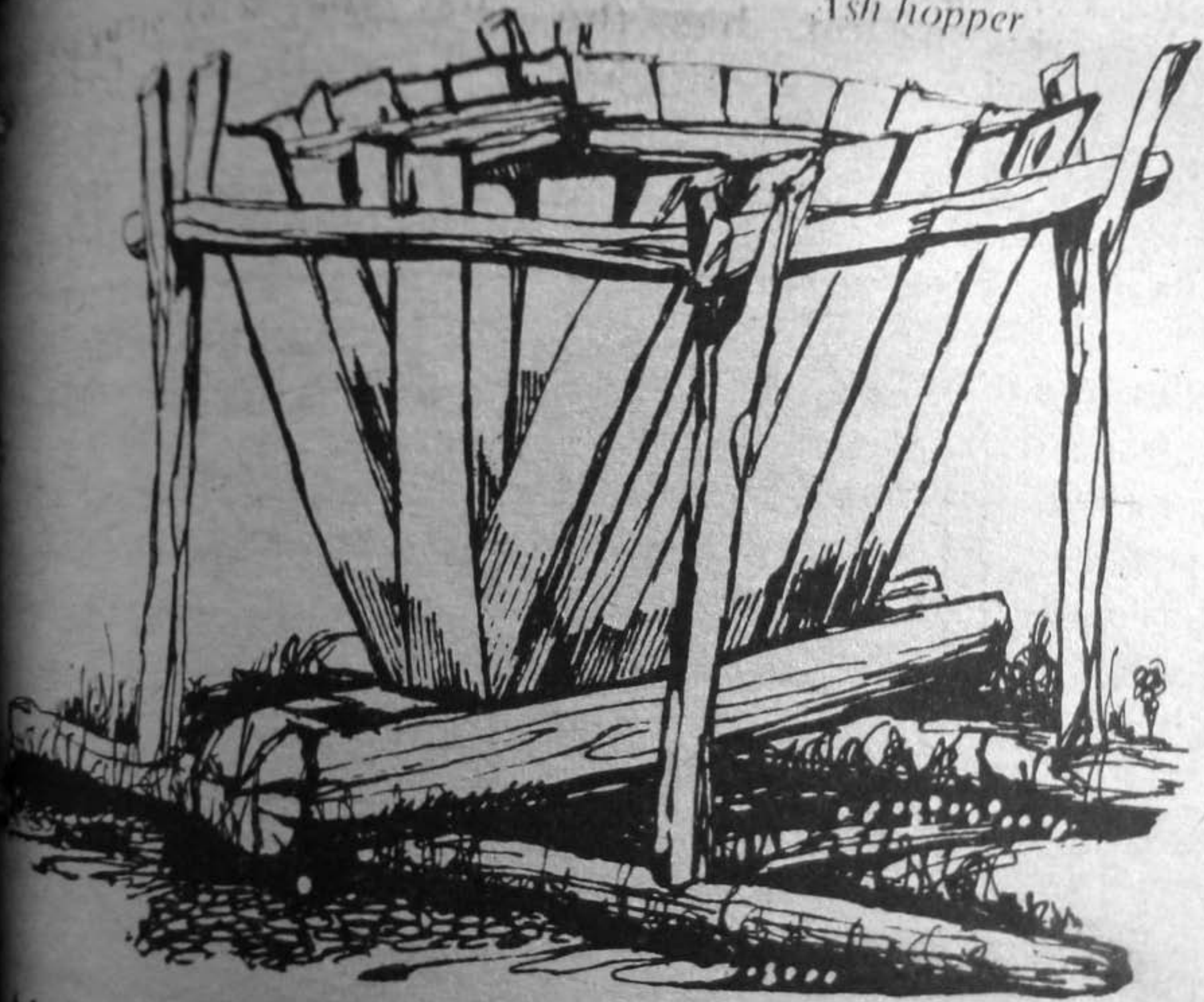


Beetlin' block

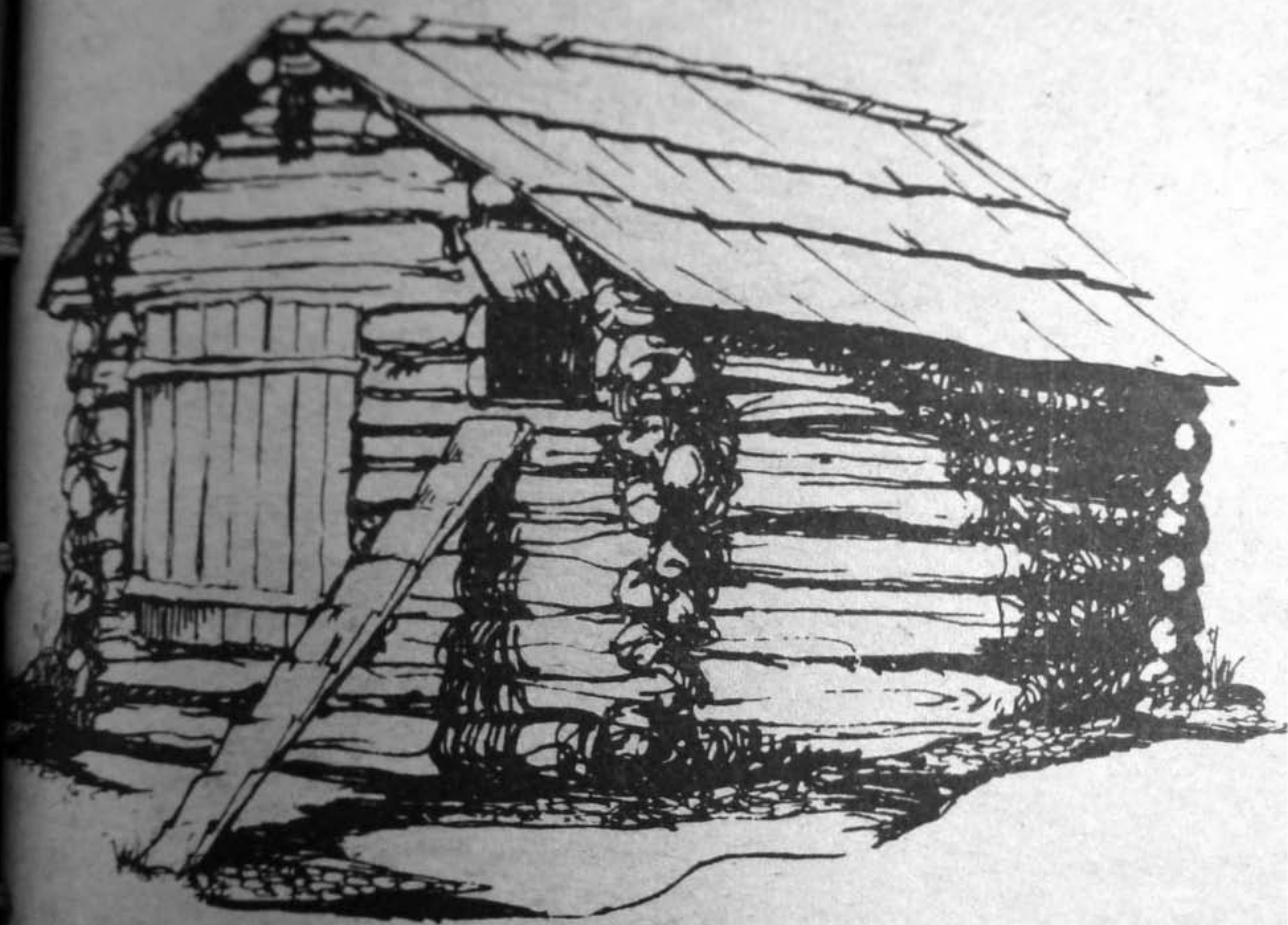
This "beetlin' block was the forerunner of the washboard. Soiled clothes were boiled with homemade soap in large iron kettles and then hammered on the block with a "Beetlin' stick."



*Ash hopper*

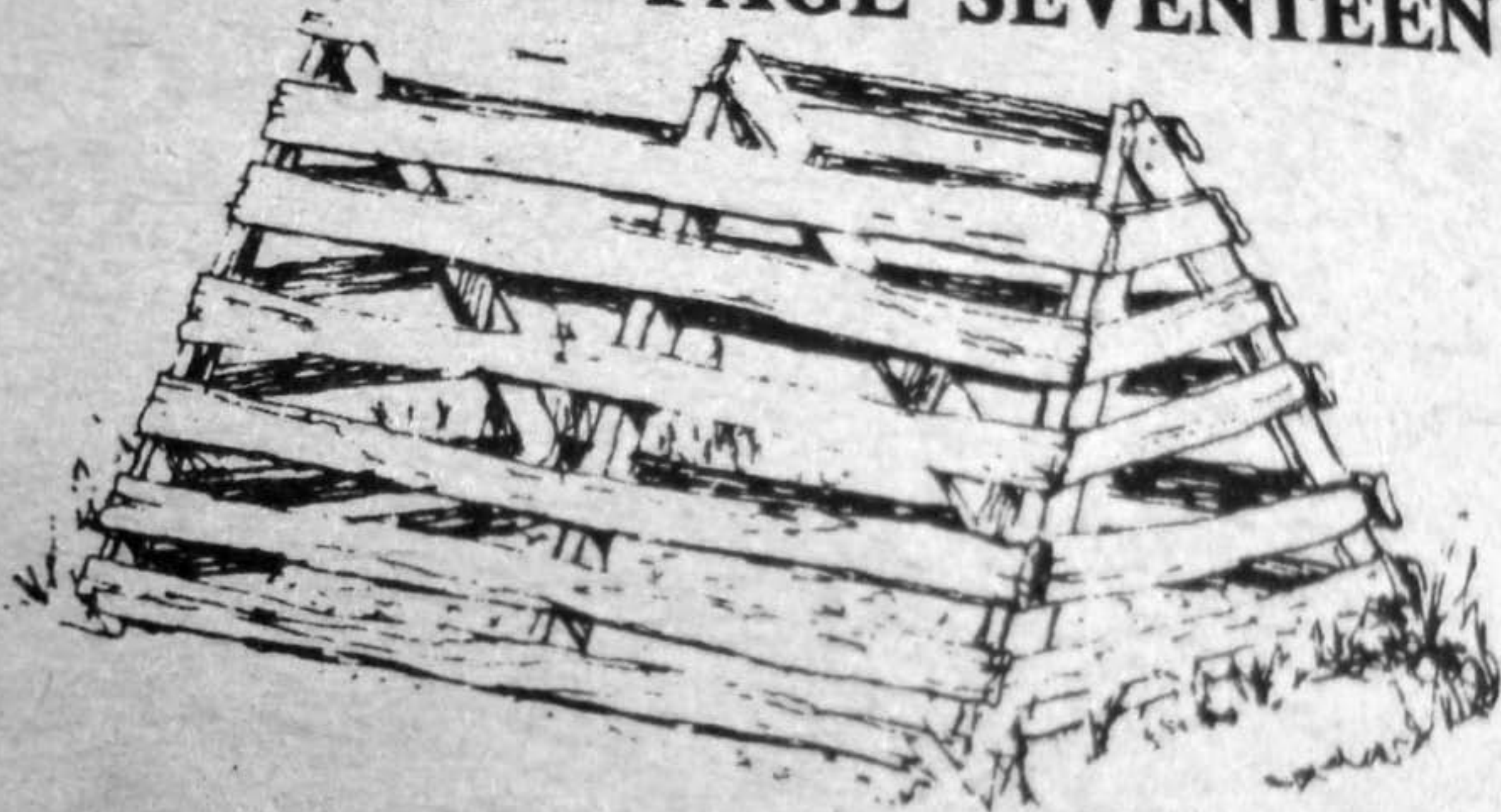


Ash hopper, which was filled with ashes from the family  
stove. It then had water poured over it, and the solution which  
dripped into the trough below contained lye . . . to be added to  
the lye from the kitchen, and boiled in an iron kettle to make soap  
for the family.

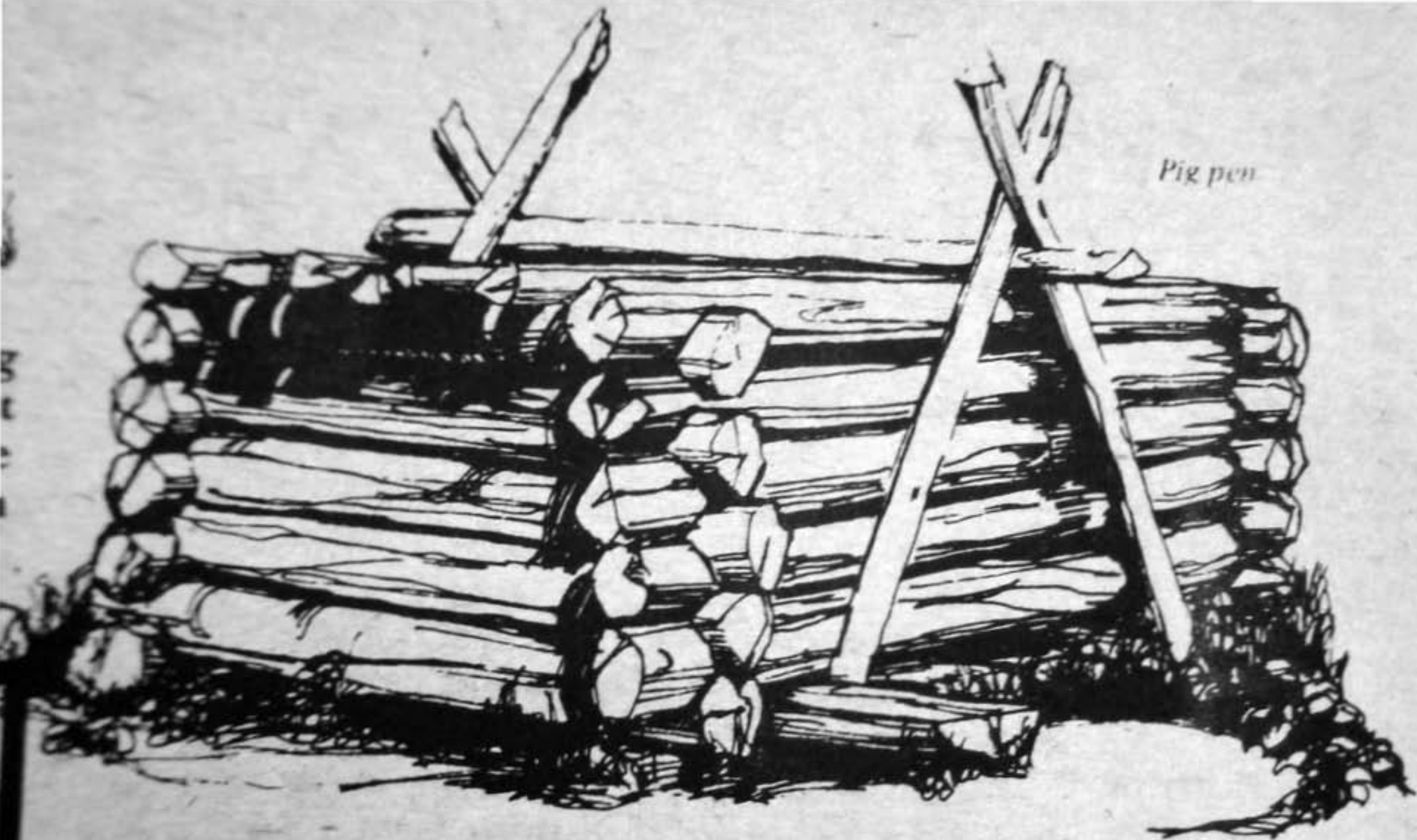


"Varmint"-proof chicken house, where chickens were  
kept at night after being allowed to run free during the day.



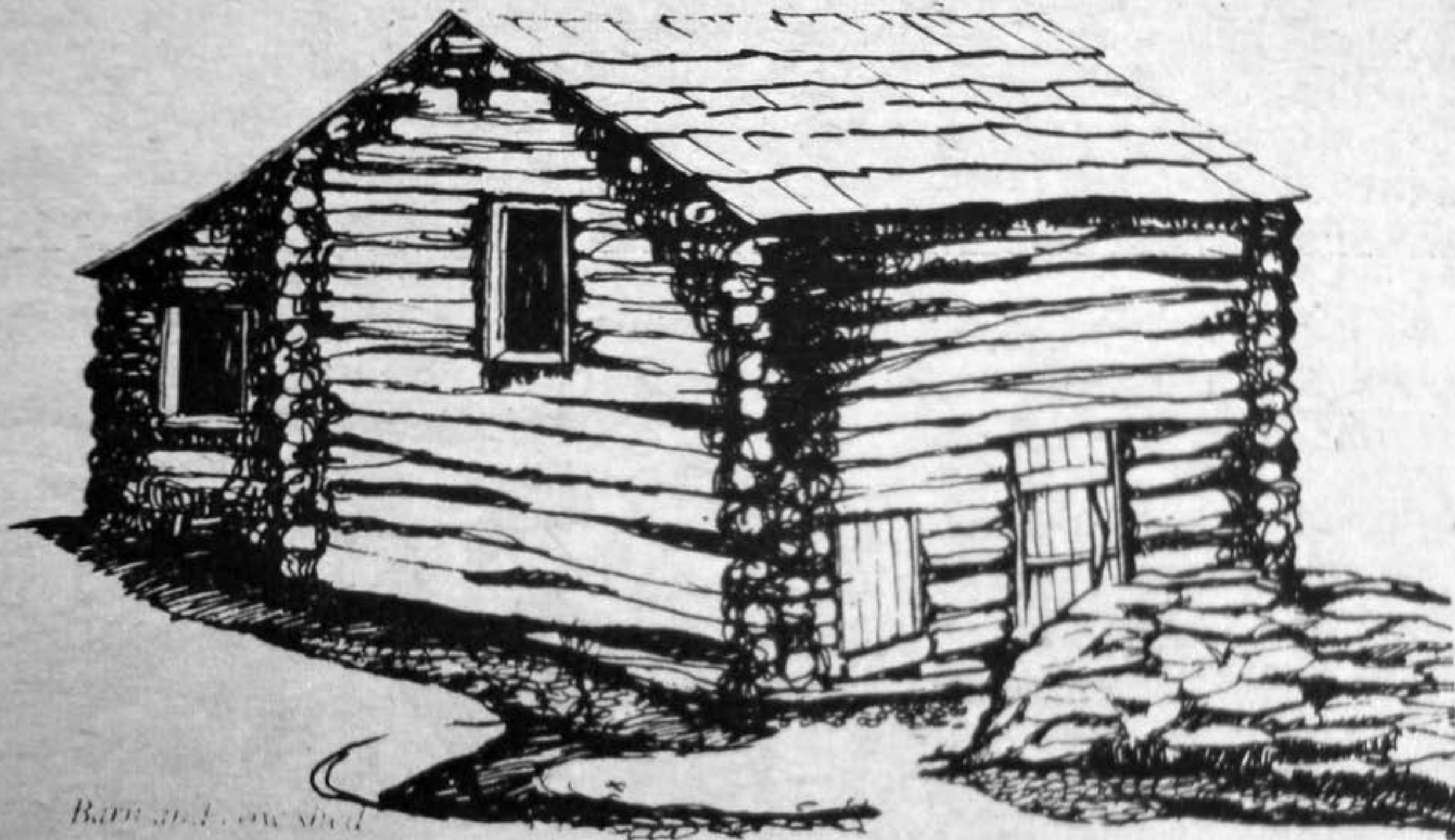


**Brood coop, used for setting hens. [The chickens could get out to forage, but return to the mother in the cage when danger threatened.]**



“Bear-proof” pig pen used by mountain families to fatten their razorback hogs before butchering. Most of the year the animals were allowed to run free, thriving on acorns and chestnuts, but a few of them were rounded up in the fall and confined to be corn fed until they were butchered for the table.





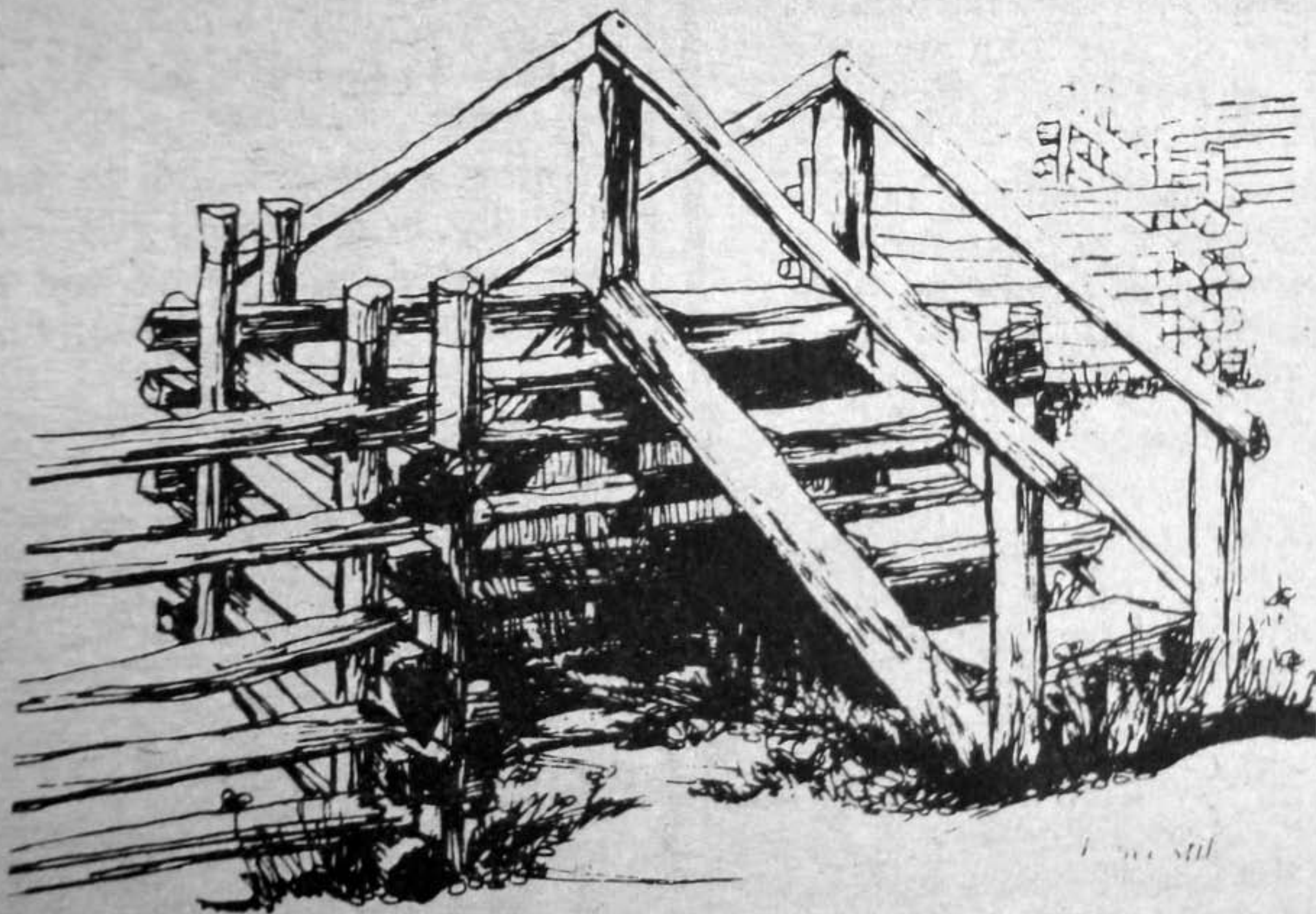
Early barn and cow shed. To the mountaineers, "milk" was buttermilk, and fresh milk was "sweet milk," because of the difficulty of keeping it in hot weather.

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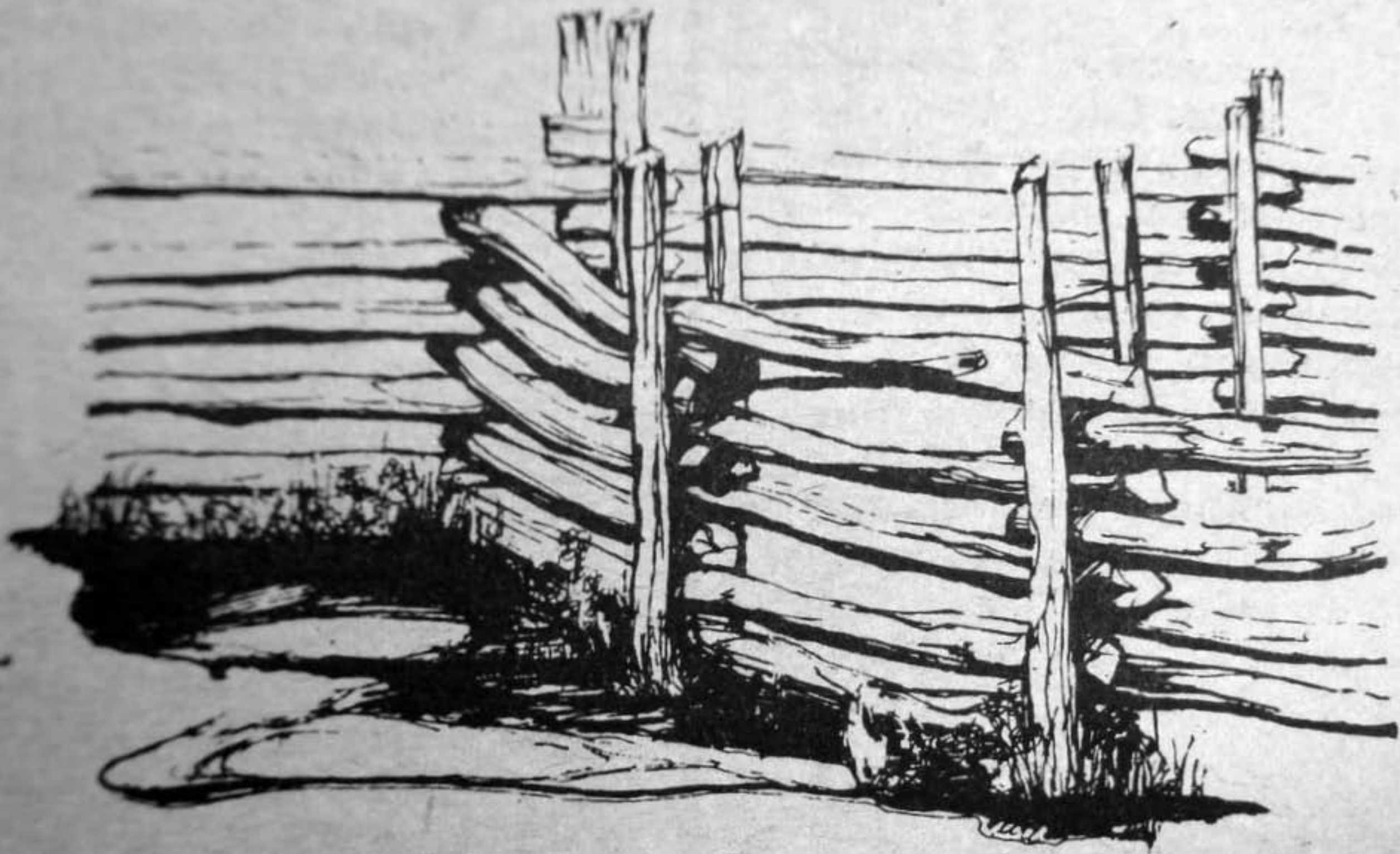
**They Don't  
Build Cabins  
Like The  
Old Folks  
Used To Do.**



Early barn and cow shed. To the mountaineers, "milk" was buttermilk, and fresh milk was "sweet milk," because of the difficulty of keeping it in hot weather.



Fence stiles provided a way over the split rail fence.



*Split rail fence*

**Split rail fence along the Blue Ridge Parkway, typical of those built by the mountaineers.**



Our New Serial

# The Mountain State Battleship

## The U.S.S. West Virginia

By Myron J. Smith

### INTRODUCTION

About a decade ago, this writer had his first up-close encounter with a battleship. On vacation in the Bay State, opportunity was found to visit the USS Massachusetts, newly docked as a museum at Fall River. It was almost sundown and no other tourists were around as I ascended the ladder to the quarterdeck. Alone, I walked the deserted decks, stopping now and again to inspect a gun mount, a turret, display, or boat plane, climbed to the bridge and later, below. The silence was overwhelming; a feeling of history and immense power was experienced. Here was a huge warship which played an important role in World War II and sheltered thousands of sailors, but which lay alone and so deserted that footsteps echoed loud and clear in the shadows of her decks. The forsaken lady of the sea seemed to ask this question: why a vessel so great in

indeed, much of an entire generation of Mountaineers had never heard of the ship. A check of various newspaper files revealed very little contemporary coverage and only two or three articles have ever appeared in magazines published here. If there was a heyday for coverage of the ship at all, it was in the blush of V-J day when people everywhere were slapping themselves on the back and pointing out the contributions to victory of their states or counties. After 1945, all real interest, if it had ever existed, died almost immediately, revived only briefly when her mast was installed on the campus of West Virginia University. This book is intended to present the story of the USS *West Virginia* and to put right a general lack of interest in her achievements in an age which no longer thinks very much about battleships or "sea power."

To enjoy the flavor of this nautical tale, readers who are



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WEST VIRGINIA  
lib  
Vo. 2

in the shadows of the  
desks. The forsaken lady  
the sea seemed to ask this  
why a vessel so great in  
and so pleasing to the eye  
as obsolete as a sailing  
of-the-line.

In the first forty-five years of  
the century, many states of the  
Union were honored by having  
battleships named for them.  
These powerful vessels formed  
the first line of American  
defense during much of that  
period and in most cases,  
men were quite proud to  
identify with them, even if the  
best they ever got was a  
photograph in the local Navy  
recruiting officer or the evening  
newspaper. In Indiana, this  
paper chronicled the history of  
Massachusetts' sister ship,  
BB-48. During the process, con-  
siderable evidence was found  
that Hoosiers readily identified  
"their ship" despite the  
fact that the state was hundreds  
of miles from any ocean.  
Newspaper and periodical  
coverage abounded, keeping  
readers informed and entranc-

Having removed to West  
Virginia, it seemed rather  
natural for me to look into the  
history of the famous Mountain  
State Battleship, BB-48.  
After all, even the most amateur  
naval historian knew that she  
had gone down at Pearl Harbor  
and fought at Surigao Strait.  
Only someone here would  
have written up her illustrious  
history long since. It wasn't so.

For some unknown reason,  
few people besides those in  
military agencies or ex-  
posed were remembered ever  
very much about her;

much about battleships or "sea  
power."

To enjoy the flavor of this  
nautical tale, readers who are  
not trained or amateur sailors  
need to have some knowledge of  
those unusual terms employed  
to describe parts of or pro-  
cedures on a vessel. To that end,  
here are a few basic samples of  
"Navy language" as drawn  
from the 1944 edition of *The  
Bluejacket's Manual*.

For example, you do not get  
on to a ship, you go *aboard*.  
The head of the ship is the *bow*,  
now the front end or sharp end.  
The rear end is the *stern*. When  
you stand at the center of your  
warship and face the bow, you  
face *forward*. If you turn  
around, you face *aft*. Facing  
forward, the right side is the  
*starboard* side; the left side is  
the *port* side. An imaginary line  
from bow to stern is the  
*centerline*; it runs *fore-and-aft*.  
The length of this line is the  
*length* of the ship while her  
greatest width is the *beam*.

An object directly off the side  
of your ship is said to be *abeam*  
while an object or line running  
directly across it, like a  
passageway, is *athwartships*.  
When you stand at the center,  
you are *amidships*. When you  
face either side, you face *out-  
board*. Your shipmate at the rail  
who is looking back at you is  
facing *inboard*.

The floors of a ship like the  
*West Virginia* are always decks;  
the walls are *bulkheads*; and the  
stairs are *ladders*. There are no  
*halls and corridors*, only  
*passageways*. There is no ceiling  
in your room, but there is an  
*overhead* to your compartment.  
There is no bathroom or kit-



chen; there is a *head* and *galley*. Openings in the outside of the ship are *ports*, not windows, while openings in decks or bulkheads are *hatches*, not doors.

In rough weather or while preparing for action, one does not shut the windows and lock the doors; you *close the ports* and *dog the hatches*. A picture is never nailed to the wall; it is *secured to the bulkhead*. You will never have to mop the floor; however, you may find yourself commanded to *swab the deck*. Overhead, smoke from the boilers comes from *stacks*, not chimneys. In the morning, you never get out of bed and go to work; you *hit the deck and turn to*. Even if it is part of your job, you will never be asked to run downstairs and turn on the stove; however, you may receive an *order* to *lay below on the double* and *light off the galley range*.

Now that you are thinking nautical, we have only one more task to perform before weighing anchor. A whole cargo of thanks is due to the following people and institutions who have provided encouragement, resources, and advice in the formulation and completion of this project:

Dean C. Allard, Head, Operational Archives, US Naval Historical Center, Washington.

Ellen Bone, Adult Services Librarian, Clarksburg-Harrison Public Library, West Virginia

Salem College  
Salem, West Virginia 26426  
October 1, 1979

Mr. James Comstock, Publisher  
West Virginia Hillbilly  
Richwood, W. Va. 26261  
Dear Mr. Comstock:

On Friday evening, October 26, 1979, at 5:30 p.m., the steering wheel from the secondary conning station of the U.S.S. West Virginia will be dedicated as a monument to the patriotism of all mountaineers.

Salem College cordially invites you to attend these ceremonies which will be held in the lobby of the Benedum Learning Resource Center.

Looking forward to the pleasure of your company, I am,  
James C. Stam  
President

Gary S. McAllister, Professor of Education and Chairman of the Education Department, Salem College, West Virginia.

Donald Marsh, Editor, *Gazette-Mail*, Charleston Newspapers Inc., Charleston, West Virginia.

John T. Mason, Jr., Director of Oral History, US Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland.

Donald H. Miller, Jr., Vice President, Scientific American, Inc., New York City.

Roger Pineau, Curator Branch, US Naval Historical Center, Washington.

Jerry C. Pinson, Librarian, Charleston Newspapers, Inc., Charleston, West Virginia.

Rodney A. Pyles, Director, West Virginia Department of Archives and History, Charleston, West Virginia.

Richard H. Robinson, Graf-ton, West Virginia.

Robert R. Rodgers, Pensacola, Florida.

Charles C. Rogusky, Oak Hill, West Virginia.

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J.H.B. Smith, Head, Curator Branch, US Naval Historical Center, Washington.

Richard T. Speer, Head, Ships' History Branch, US Naval Historical Center, Washington.

West Virginia Library Commission, Charleston, West Virginia.

With this introductory virtuallying out of the way, you are now invited to consider the Mountain State Battleship: USS *West Virginia*.

Myron J. Smith, Jr.  
Salem, West Virginia



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Ellen Bone, Adult Services Librarian, Clarksburg-Harrison Public Library, West Virginia.

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Harold M. Forbes, Assistant Curator, West Virginia Collection, West Virginia University, Morgantown.

Harold C. Gadd, Editor, *State Magazine*, Charleston Newspapers, Inc., Charleston, West Virginia.

Joseph C. Gluck, Dean of Student Services, West Virginia University, Morgantown.

R. W. Holsinger, Rear Admiral, USN (Ret.), Arlington, Virginia.

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Barbara Lynch, Reference Librarian, Navy Department Library, Washington.

Donald Marsh, Editor, *Gazette-Mail*, Charleston Newspapers, Inc., Charleston, West Virginia.

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Hill, West Virginia. Salem College Benedum Library Staff: Margaret Allen, Sara Ann Casey, Sara J. Graham, Jacquelyne Isaacs, John Sowers.

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Myron J. Smith, Jr. Salem, West Virginia

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Signed: Jim Comstock, Publisher.

**FOR SALE: 1977 2-door diesel WV Rabbit. 9,000 miles and 1978 4-door diesel VW Rabbit. 10,000 miles. Phone 379-3595.**

**FOR SALE: 1963 N-700 Ford Truck. Diesel Motor. 17,000 miles. Phone 379-3595.**



# The Thanksgiving Proclamation

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18 (UPI) — Following is the text of President Carter's Thanksgiving Day proclamation:

## The White House

By the President of the  
United States of America

## A Proclamation

Since 1621, the people of this country have gathered each year to celebrate with a feast their good fortune in their continuing ability to provide for families and friends.

On this Thanksgiving Day, we reaffirm our faith in our heritage of freedom, and our spirit of sharing.

In the spirit of Thanksgiving, Americans humbly recognize how fortunate we are to be strong — as individuals, and as a nation. It is that strength which allows us to display compassion for those around the world who face difficulties that our forefathers, blessed with the American land, were able to overcome.

While Providence has provided Americans with fertile land and bountiful harvests, other nations and peoples have not been so favored. Each year growing food supplies give us greater cause for giving thanks, yet one person in six worldwide still suffers from chronic hunger and malnutrition.

Two hundred years ago the Continental Congress proclaimed a day of thanks, and asked for deliverance from war. This year, let us observe Thanks-

giving in the spirit of peace and sharing, by declaring it a day of Thankful Giving, a day upon which the American people share their plenty with the hungry of other lands.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Jimmy Carter, President of the United States of America, in accordance with Section 6103 of Title 5 of the United States Code, do proclaim Thursday, the 23d of November, 1978, as Thanksgiving Day.

I call upon the Governors, Mayors and all other State and local officials to broaden the observance of Thanksgiving to include the practice of Thankful Giving in their celebration, inviting Americans to share with those abroad who suffer from hunger.

I call upon the American people to make personal donations to religious or secular charities to combat chronic hunger and malnutrition, and to support the concept of Thankful Giving in order that we may one day assure that no individual anywhere will suffer from hunger, and that we may move to a day of universal celebration in a more perfect community within our nation and around the world.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 20th day of October in the year of our Lord 1978, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 203d.

JIMMY CARTER





ANDY POE'S FIGHT WITH BIGFOOT

## Jay Is Roads

C. L. L.







### HERE'S THAT POWDER ROOM GAL AGAIN

Of the making of portraits of Betty Zane, the border heroine of West Virginia, whose likeness lived only in the memory of those who beheld her, there is apparently no end. This one appeared in a recent issue of the National Geographic magazine. The magazine's caption pretty much capsulizes the girl for those who are meeting her for the first time. It follows: "Running for her life, young Betty Zane dashes to West Virginia's Fort Henry with a bundle of gunpowder for the beleaguered garrison. The schoolgirl had returned home to the settlement in 1782 when British and Indians attacked. With true frontier grit, she braved enemy bullets to bring more powder from the Zane cabin outside the fort, helping the settlers withstand the two-day siege."

# Our New Serial The Mountain State Battleship The U.S.S. West Virginia By Myron J. Smith, Jr.

## CHAPTER 1 PART 2

The *West Virginia's* New York service continued for an additional year until she was ordered to the Far East. Just before departure on September 24, 1906, the ship joined in an Aster Bay naval review for President Theodore Roosevelt. Moving on up to Rhode Island, she coaled at Bradford — a busy business at the best of times — while her captain received his final directives at the Newport station on September 8. The 12,119 mile trip out to Manila, made in company with the armored cruisers *Colorado*, *Maryland*, and *Pennsylvania*, required 78 days and took the ACR 5 to Gibraltar, Naples, Athens, and Port Said, through the Suez Canal to Bombay and Singapore. Christmas 1906 was spent in Hong Kong, but it was necessary to anchor before the holidays were over. This event was naturally disliked by all hands; a dry New Years aboard a man-of-war can be rather dull. On January 3, 1907, the *West Virginia* and her companions entered Manila Bay, passing the "rock" of Corregidor. After anchoring, a World War II amphibious landing of the Mountain State was commanded by Rear Admiral

those months of flag-showing, the cruiser established a record as the fastest unit of her class and began a long ascendancy in such fleet sports as boxing, small boat racing, wrestling, baseball, and football. On a more serious note, her gunners scored well in various Asiatic Fleet firing competitions. In late 1908, ACR 5 left the Orient behind and returned to America for overhaul at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Fresh from the yards, her machinery and men renewed, the *West Virginia* was assigned to the US Pacific Fleet. For the first half of 1909, her four tall funnels were a familiar sight in ports along the west coast. In September, she became part of the Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree's Armored Cruiser Squadron and stood out for the Philippines in another cruise in eastern waters. After a visit to Australia and New Guinea, the vessel conducted a reconnaissance of the Admiralty Islands seeking potential coaling station landfalls. On this tour, as earlier, maneuvering and gunnery drills were usual. Passed Midshipman Richmond Kelly Turner, later to achieve note as a World War II amphibious commander, recalled his thoughts on one gunnery



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...and New Guinea, the  
...conducted a reconnais-  
...of the Admiralty Islands  
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...Midshipman Richmond Kelly  
...Turner, later to achieve note as  
...a World War II amphibious  
...commander, recalled his  
...thoughts on one gunnery  
...exercise held near Olongapo on  
...Subic Bay. It was, he wrote,  
..."hard and tedious work as the  
...guns on this ship are old and  
...have to have a lot of doctoring  
...to get results from them."  
...Nevertheless, the drills contin-  
...ued as the ship was being  
...readied for another call on the  
...Inland Sea and China.

January 1910 found the  
*West Virginia* and others of  
Seabee's squadron at Naga-  
saki. As usual, the men were  
granted shore leave to examine  
a culture quite different from  
their own. Midshipman Turner  
was impressed. "The Japanese  
are really civilized people," he  
confided in a letter home.  
Thirty years later, he would  
question that thought as would  
many who visited Nippon in  
those years. AGR 5 continued  
boating about the far Pacific  
additional months until her two  
year tour was finished. In those  
months, many probably had  
reason to sing these verses  
from "that ribald old forebit-  
ter, the Armored Cruiser  
Squadron:"  
The *West Virginia* and *Md.*,  
*Colorado* and *Pennsy* see  
are just about the proper  
choice  
For our Armored Cruiser  
Squadron.

...kind of exercises de-  
...above continued for the  
...of the *West Virginia*  
...year and a half. In

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All that is left of the proud ship, "U.S.S. West Virginia" is the mast, standing proudly and defiantly in front of Woodburn, Martin, and the Science building on the West Virginia University campus.

Away, Away, with fife and drum,  
Here we come,  
full of rum  
Trying to put Someone on  
the bum.

Here's the cruisers of the  
Fleet,  
So goldurn fast, they're hard  
to beat  
The battleships, they may be  
fine,  
But me for a cruiser every  
time.

The officers are a bunch of  
drunks,  
They keep their white  
clothes in their trunks,  
They stand thir watches in  
their bunks

1914, problems between the United States and Mexico flared up at Vera Cruz, bringing President Wilson to order a naval reaction. While the Atlantic Fleet stood into the trouble area, the *West Virginia* and other Pacific Fleet cruisers sped south to protect American citizens and interests along Mexico's west coast. When the situation was resolved, all returned north where ACR 5 was assigned to the Pacific Fleet Reserve based

at Bremerton, Washington.

The year 1916 brought further difficulties with Mexico. As a result of depredations by Pancho Villa, "Black Jack" Pershing led a Punitive Expedition south of the border. While the soldiers wandered about the hills, in which they never did come up with the rascal, elements of the American fleet were also ordered to sail. On September 20, the

On Page 23

CARSON  
INSURANCE AGENCY



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drunks,  
They keep their white  
clothes in their trunks,  
They stand their watches in  
their bunks,  
In the Armored Cruiser  
Squadron.

In late 1911, Admiral Seabee ordered his ships home by way of Hawaii. There they took part in ceremonies opening what was to become Ten Ten Drydock, the great 1,010 foot Pearl Harbor facility. When the pomp was over, the festivities began. A giant luau, presided over by the old Queen Lydia Liliukalani, was laid on for all hands and featured jolly music, drink, dancing, drink, food, drink, companionship, and drink. "In the Armored Cruiser Squadron," everyone knew how to throw a party!

Following what the reader can see was a pattern, the *West Virginia* reached California after a two-year trip to the Far East. There she was overhauled, and coming out of the yard, worked her way up and down the coast of the Americas on exercise. In April,

1914, problems between the United States and Mexico flared up at Vera Cruz, bringing President Wilson to order a naval reaction. While the Atlantic Fleet stood into the trouble area, the *West Virginia* and other Pacific Fleet cruisers sped south to protect American citizens and interests along Mexico's west coast. When the situation was resolved, all returned north where ACR 5 was assigned to the Pacific Fleet Reserve based

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On Page 23

## CARSON INSURANCE AGENCY

### SURETY BONDS ALL CONTRACTOR INSURANCE

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# Here's the Story on the Hardestys

Carrie C. Carte, Box 12612, Charleston, S. C. 29412, having purchased all the spin-off Hardestys, which are the first eight volumes of the 25 supplemental volumes of the 51-volume West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia, has not ordered copy of Volume 9. The publishers have to tell Miss Carte that the volume is not available. As the explanation is a bit complex, and as there are many such requests each week, we are using this means of answering Miss Carte and all other people who were given negatives.

Assuming that everyone by now knows that a Mr. Hardesty sent writers to West Virginia nearly a century ago to write county histories and histories of families living in the counties. The idea was to add the histories as a supplement to the huge Hardesty American History and Geography. The idea back of that plan was to get county boards and trustees of school systems to choose the Hardesty text over those of competitors who did not, of course, have a county supplement. Although Hardesty did achieve financial success, for some reason he covered only 27 of our 55 counties.

Eventually, the big books went out, and one can see why because actually a poor kid would almost have to go to school on horseback to tote to and fro that huge volume. Families considered the book something to keep, second to the Bible, but eventually they dwindled down to a precious few, victims of fires or deaths and estate settlements. Historians have pretty much taken a dim view of the Hardestys as county histories.

were the first volumes, 1 to 8.

Such as this was it was the best, as I said, and I knew more family facts were needed. That called for Volume 9, and it was given over to a listing of the soldiery of West Virginia.

Now that you know all that, be apprised that when the Encyclopedia was finished I realized that many people would have a need and want for certain volumes without having to buy the entire set, or buying the entire set, would want to give certain volumes as gifts, or leave to kids. That called for "spin-offs," those certain volumes in a different color binding, but the same rading matter. The eight Hardestys were "spun-off," 500 of each, and were such sellers that only volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4 are available now. However, the biggest boo-boo of the century was not spinning-off volume 9. It wasn't, and that's the reason we must say to Miss Carte, and to many, many others constantly, that to get volume nine you either must buy the entire set of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia or borrow one. Or steal it.

Sorry, Miss Carte. And sorry, everybody else. —JFC

## REPORT FROM NAME SOCIETY

1002 Mulberry Street  
Yankton, South Dakota

Dear Place-Name Buffs or  
Scholars or Both:

It may seem hard to believe that it has been a whole year since I last wrote you. This may be partly due to the fact that the 1978 report, distributed in complete form at the New York meetings last December, didn't reach most of you as an American Name

December. These reports began many years ago as presentations at annual meetings, and, to continue that practice, I must ask you to help me assemble the important information as soon as possible. I hope to pass out copies at both American Dialect Society and American Name Society sessions at San Francisco, for many members of both societies are interested in place names, but some persons attend meetings of only one group.

As many of you know, in August of 1981 the XIVth triennial meeting of the International Congress of Onomastic Sciences will be held, at our invitation, at the University of Michigan. This will be the first such gathering ever held in this country and will undoubtedly be a thrilling experience for all interested in place names. Between now and then we want to collect every possible bit of place-name information from persons working in our field or having any ideas about place names. Here is where you can help by jotting down at the bottom of this page or on a separate sheet any information or ideas you may have. Don't conclude hastily that you have nothing to add, for if you will stop and think for just a moment, you can probably tell us something we should like to know. Please do this soon, preferably within the next few days. Our deadline must be December 1, but with our uncertain mails, don't wait to act until the end of November.

We hope to have exciting meetings at San Francisco and to continue much needed place-name activities into the



History and Geography. The idea back of that plan was to get county boards and trustees of school systems to choose the Hardesty text over those of competitors who did not, of course, have a county supplement. Although Hardesty did achieve financial success, for some reason he covered only 27 of our 55 counties.

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However, such as they were, they were pretty much all we had, and when I started hatching out the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia, I decided the Hardestys, all of them, would have to be incorporated in the 25 supplemental volumes. So I bought up all the giant Hardestys, paying anywhere from \$130 to \$80 a book. I took out the West Virginia entrails, set them in type, and gave them whatever space they demanded, which was eight volumes. They

Horn Paers. "I met him at a Methodist Church in Washington, Pennsylvania, many years ago. He was a wonderful man. He always called me 'cousin' when he saw me. When he retired from the ministry, he spent his time visiting the sick, in hospitals, rest homes, or wherever he heard of anyone who might need him. He was loved by all who knew him."

Concluded Next Week

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and will undoubtedly be a thrilling experience for all interested in place names. Between now and then we want to collect every possible bit of place-name information from persons working in our field or having any ideas about place names. Here is where you can help by jotting down at the bottom of this page or on a separate sheet any information or ideas you may have. Don't conclude hastily that you have nothing to add, for if you will stop and think for just a moment, you can probably tell us something we should like to know. Please do this soon, preferably within the next few days. Our deadline must be December 1, but with our uncertain mails, don't wait to act until the end of November.

We hope to have exciting meetings at San Francisco and to continue much needed place-name activities into the years ahead. Please send replies to E. C. Ehrensperger, 1002 Mulberry Street, Yankton, South Dakota 57078.

E. C. Ehrensperger

## Roots Diggers: Try Us!

Hillbilly has had remarkable success at helping people graft branches onto their family tree. If you have a problem that you would like to put before our West Virginia readers, feel free to put it in writing and send it to us for publication. Our publication fee for queries is \$20.00. Address your correspondence to Root Diggers, W. Va. Hillbilly, Richwood, West Virginia 26261.

THE WEST  
VIRGINIA  
HILLBILLY



ACERTED:  
DEWEES  
22 Rockaway  
Dallas  
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# Hillbilly In Manhattan

By Jim Fragale

Nashville, Tennessee. Songwriter-entertainer Tom T. Hall owns a 54-acre plantation, and beautiful Southern mansion called Fox Hollow, a 20 minute drive, and 13 miles from Nashville in Brentwood. He lives there with his wife Dixie, breeder of champion show dogs, and his son Dean T. who plays football for the University of Kentucky.

Hall has written his biography, "The Storyteller's Nashville" (Doubleday Publishing, \$9.95). On Page One, Chapter One, Paragraph One, Hall mentions a town in West Virginia called Ronceverte, which is cue enough for this hillbilly to investigate.

"My first professional record was made for Mercury and it was a song — 'I Washed My Face In The Morning Dew'. I got the idea for it from reading a West Virginia brochure. The old legend says, if you wash your face in the morning dew, it removes blemishes.

"I lived and worked in West Virginia in 1962 and 1963 — that's where I did my growing up. I worked as a disc-

jockey at WSPZ Radio in Spencer and later at WROM in Ronceverte. Ronceverte is a French word meaning green-wood and it's the only town in the United States with that name. That's where I first showed my songs to a fellow traveling through who sent them to Nashville and I got my first songwriter's contract.

I loved West Virginia. When I visited I fell in love with the place. As most people immediately. The land...



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... I loved W...  
... I visited I fell in love  
... the place, as most people  
... immediately: The land . . .  
... the  
... mountains . . .  
... I had the good fortune  
... spending most of my time in  
... Greenbrier Valley . . .  
... most beautiful place on

... was surrounded by the  
... to-do and well-informed.  
... helped me a great deal to be  
... that company. Do you know  
... Virginians own more blue  
... stock than any other  
... in the country? The  
... Sinatras;  
... natives from U.S. Steel and  
... — they all come to the  
... Greenbrier to vacation and to  
... anonymous.

... I lived directly over a  
... and that's where I got  
... of my reading done.  
... 's the place, too, I mention  
... my book, where I threw a  
... bottle through the t.v. set  
... the t.v. kept distracting  
... from my writing. I left the  
... with the bottle there as an  
... object.

... West Virginians are unique  
... that they aren't as forward  
... their hospitality as the  
... ans. They aren't as blunt  
... matter-of-fact. They are  
... and honest and open,  
... they have no airs about  
... hospitality.

... I've met Jim Comstock  
... the 'Hillbilly' on a couple  
... occasions. I have a great

deal of admiration for him. One  
time the 'Hillbilly' printed a  
letter of mine.

"In fact, I read about the  
Jackson County Hanging in the  
'Hillbilly' and I got my idea for  
a song and called Comstock for  
details. He calls me his  
'Hanging Friend.' I wrote 'The  
Last Public Hanging in West  
Virginia' as a result. That's  
two of my songs about West  
Virginia."

Tom T. Hall's 221 page  
grits-to-riches memoir begins  
in Nashville in 1964. He  
arrived with \$46 in his pocket  
— directly from West Virginia  
— driving a rose-colored  
Cadillac, to write songs and  
live off \$50-a-week publisher's  
advances.

"When I got to Nashville,"  
he recalls, "Kristofferson was  
tending bar, Mel Tillis was just  
some dude with a rubber  
tongue. Tanya Tucker was one  
year old. Johnny Cash thought  
God was a Mexican — which  
He may be. And now, look  
where they are. As John  
Kennedy said, 'Tis rising the  
tide lifts all the boats.'"

Hall captures the unattrac-  
tive aspects of waiting to get  
famous in Nashville — sitting

# Music



around bars, fits of writer's block, longing for a hit: "You give me a hit, and I'll run for f---- Congress. Or give me a hit, and I'll kiss your a-- on the Grand Ole Opry stage on Saturday night and get Minnie Pearl to hold your britches."

In 1967 Hall signed with Mercury and recorded his first single, the West Virginia-inspired "I Washed My Face In the Morning Dew" which became a chart record. Since, he has made 17 albums; 11 number one songs and ten top five. In 1968, Hall and Jeannie C. Riley became a famous team when the Hall-penned classic, "Harper Valley P.T.A." swept the national country charts. It



# Hillbilly In Manhattan

By Jim Fragale

Tennessee. Songwriter-en-  
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called Fox Hollow, a 20 minute  
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and worked in West Virginia  
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up. I worked as a disc-

SPZ Radio in  
ter at WROM in  
Ronceverte is a  
mening green-  
the only town in  
ates with that  
where I first  
gs to a fellow  
who sent them  
I got my first  
tract.

est Virginia.  
I fell in love  
most people  
The land...  
the  
good fortune  
of my time in  
alley  
all place on

deal of admiration for him. One  
time the 'Hillbilly' printed a



**Tom  
Hall  
Who Got  
His Start  
In West  
Virginia  
Is One Of  
The Greats  
Of Country  
Music**



sold over 6 million records, which resulted in a demand for Hall's songs. At one time, Hall's songs for other recording artists occupied as many as six spots on the country charts.

Peppered with four-letter words, his affectionate, sometimes raunchy vignettes — about his drinking bouts, his friends among the street people, the drifter-losers; about his struggles before achieving fame — provide an insight, often amusing and surprisingly appealing.

"Songs are magnificent accidents," Hall says, but there's nothing hit or miss about the way he works. Hall is up at 4 in the morning for five hours of

"Say hello to Jim Comstock at the 'Hillbilly' for me," he said when it was time to move on. "And to West Virginia, TOO. You know, like the John Denver song, 'Take Me Home, Country Roads,' West Virginia Is 'Almost Heaven.' "

writing. During the day you might catch him driving his ancient black pick-up truck to his office-studios in town — answering telephone calls, signing letters, doing interviews. At midnight, you might still find him going strong drinking brandies, sipping black coffee and telling stories.

---

**Fight Inflation**  
**See**  
**Center Spread**



# Snowshoe...

## Year of the Hare

The hare criscrossed the mountain top road back and forth in front of our car as though to say : "Come on. Here I am. See me run?"

Our friends from Texas enjoyed the show-off hare as much, perhaps more than Charlie and I did. They also enjoyed Snowshoe, the mile-high island in the sky as much as we did. Not more.

Snowshoe is gearing up for the winter ski season now. The Why Not shop is well supplied with merchandise. There are many different kinds of souvenir gifts, from key chains to some very good handcrafted items.

Some much-needed repair work has been done this summer. What well used resort won't need some repairing after a busy season? People who own rental property there are getting their units spruced up and ready. The road up the mountain, Snowshoe Road, which now belongs to the state, has been black-topped to the summit, to just past the ski center.

Snowshoe has already had snow, of course, when the early October storm hit the eastern part of our state.

Someone said eight inches fell then. There were no broken branches of trees, though, when we reached the top of the mountain as there were all along route 219, south from Elkins. The red spruce up there has long been accustomed to many inches of snow, and since they undergo no metamorphosis as our hardwoods do, they were ready for the snow.

There was another slight snowfall a couple of weeks ago. We had some flurries in the valley, but Snowshoe had an inch or so. Rain had frozen on the branches of the spruce trees overnight, and soft snow had fallen over that. About halfway up the mountain, we were in a true winter wonderland. This time relatives from Ohio were with us and there was a great deal of awe in the car that was tempered just a little when we reached the summit by the sudden appearance of a sheet of ice that had formed across the road.

The snow-making machines were operating, and the resort was going to attempt to start stockpiling the important artificial snow. In order for this to

(Continued On page 23)

# Webster Claims Victory In Huntersville Skirmish

Huttonsville, January 6: Major George Webster reports that he has successfully repulsed Confederate forces at Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, and has destroyed \$30,000 worth of stores.

Taking part in the expedition were the 2nd Virginia, 25th Ohio, and Bracken's Cavalry.

## LOSE CANNONS

Blue Gap, Jan. 7: A skirmish in this Hampshire County town has resulted in defeat for the Confederates, including the loss of two cannons.

The cannons were captured at Bridge No. 21, near Keyser last June 19.

## Hampshire County Skirmish Reported

Wheeling, Jan. 6: Reports of a skirmish in Slatersville, Hampshire County, have been made. In this Captain Isaac Kuykendall defeated Federals under Captain Sauls. Sauls was wounded according to the reports, and is now in Rebel hands.

## Ashby Heads Flying Artillery

Charles Town, Jan. 11: This area boasts the first flying artillery in the Confederate Army, it has been revealed.

The unit was organized at Charles Town under special authority of Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War for the Confederacy.

The artillery battery was organized before the first of the year under the 7th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Lt. Col. Turner Ashby. It was organized with 33 men and the following officers: R. P. Chew, captain; Milton Rouse, first lieutenant; J. W. McCarty and James Thompson, second lieutenants. All were cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at the time.

All the men are mounted, thereby making it a "flying artillery" company. The company has three pieces of artillery: a rifle gun called the "Blakely," a howitzer, and one six inch rifle gun.

## County Records Saved

Winchester, Va. Jan. 11: The county records of Hampshire County now West Virginia, are in protective custody of this city.

The records were brought in from Romney to keep them from being destroyed by the Federal forces, Mayor John Kern, Jr., of Romney, said.

Kern said that the county records of deeds, wills and appointments were removed to put them in a place of safety. Last month, Clerk John S. White, hearing of Federal commander Brig. Gen. Benjamin F. Kelley's plans to take possession of Romney, loaded the books on wagons and sent them to this city.

# Against Mighty Stonewall

He Him

They Help Him



Gen. Lander



Gen. Hill (A. P.)



Gen. Lane

lwon yinuoc

NOTES FOR THE EDITOR



# With and Against Mighty Stonewall

They Oppose Him

They Help Him



Gen. Banks



Gen. Lander



Gen. Hill ( A. P.)



Gen. Lane

county now!

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JAN.-DEC.  
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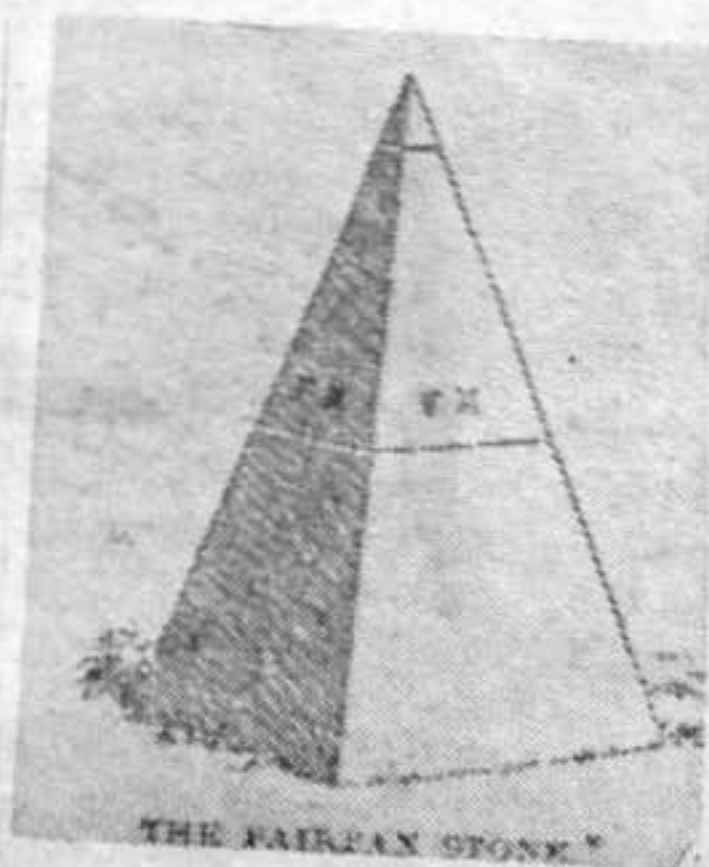
# Joist Hite Brought First Whites to the Mountains

In 1732, the first permanent settlement by whites west of the Blue Ridge, was made near here Winchester now stands. Sixteen families from Pennsylvania, headed by Joist Hite, composed this little colony, and to them is due the credit of having first planted the standard of civilization in Virginia, west of the mountains.

In 1734, Benjamin Allen, with three others, settled on the North Branch of the Shenandoah, about twelve miles south of the present town of Woodstock. Other adventurers pushed on, and settlements gradually extended west, crossing Caponier, North Mountain and the Allegheny range, until finally they reached the tributaries of the Monongahela.

The majority of those who settled the eastern part of the valley were Pennsylvania Germans; a class of people distinguished for their untiring industry and love of rich lands.

Many of these emigrants had sooner heard of the fertility of the soil in the Shenandoah valley, than they began to lead themselves along that stream and its tributaries. So completely did they occupy the country along the north and south branches of that river, that the few stray English, Scotch or Scotch settlers among them did not sensibly affect the homogeneity of the population. They long retained, and a small part do still retain, German language.



THE FAIRFAX STONE  
**FAIRFAX STONE**  
(From Virgil Lewis)

## A Buffalo Calf for

Early in the Spring of 1736, an agent for Lord Fairfax, who held, under a patent from James II., all that part of Virginia known as the Northern Neck, came over, and after remaining a short time at Williamsburg, accepted an invitation to visit John Lewis. During his sojourn at the house of Lewis, he captured, while hunting with Samuel and Andrew, (the latter afterwards the distinguished General,) sons of the former, a fine buffalo calf. Returning shortly after to Williamsburg, he presented the mountain pet to Governor Gooch, which so much gratified that functionary, that he forthwith directed a

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country lying east of that river  
and south of the Ohio.

Early Settler  
Andrew Lewis

# Andrew Lewis Starts Survey in Our Mountains

In 1751, Andrew Lewis, so distinguished in the military annals of our State, commenced a survey of the Greenbrier tract. The movements of both these agents, however, had been closely watched, and information conveyed to the French, who by this time had fairly got their eyes open as to the policy and designs of the English. Determined to maintain their rights, and to assert their claim to the country bordering the Ohio, the French crossed Lake Champlain, built Crown Point, and without delay proceeded to fortify certain other positions on the waters of the upper Ohio. With this view, they erected a fort at Presque Ile, on Lake Erie; another about fifteen miles distant, which they called Le Boeuf; and a third, at the mouth of French Creek, now Venango.

But lest, while these little fortresses were quietly rising in the wilderness, the English might attempt corresponding means for defense, a company of soldiers was despatched by the French Commandant, with positive orders to keep intruders out of the valley of the Ohio; but to use no violence, "except in case of obstinate continuance, and then to seize their goods."

This party doubtless heard of the movements of Gist, and the presence of English traders on the Miami. Thither they directed their steps and demanded that the intruders should leave, or be given up as trespassers upon French soil.

The traders refusing to depart, and the Indians being unwilling to give them up, a fight ensued, in which fourteen of the Twigtees or Miamas were killed, and the traders, four in number, taken prisoners.

This occurred early in 1752, as the Indians referred to the fact at the treaty of Logstown, in June. It may justly be regarded as the prologue to that long and bloody drama, the catastrophe of which, was the expulsion of the French from the Ohio valley, and the consequent loss to France of all her territory east of the Mississippi.

## France Claims Land

The claim of France to all the country watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, was based upon that recognized law of nations that the discovery of the mouth of a river entitled the nation so discovering to the whole country drained by that river and its tributaries. This claim set up by France and resisted by the colonies, is precisely the same upon which we have recently based our title to the "whole of Oregon."

On the part of Great Britain, it was claimed, that independent of her title by purchase, she held, under the discovery of Cabot, the entire region lying between the 38th and 67th degree of north latitude, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a zone athwart the continent. She also set up another claim,—priority of discovery,—to the Ohio Valley: a claim utterly absurd and entirely untenable.

Such were the grounds upon which two of the greatest European nations claimed supremacy in the beautiful and luxuriant valley of the Ohio. Without stopping to discuss the merits of either, we will proceed in the continuation of our history.

# John Lewis and Son Andrew Visit Greenbrier

Further attempts to colonize the Greenbrier country were not made for many years. John Lewis, and his son Andrew, proceeded with their explorations, until interrupted by the breaking out of the French war. In 1762, a few families began to penetrate the region on Muddy Creek, and the Big Levels; but a royal proclamation of the next year, commanded that all who had settled, or held improvements on the Western waters, should at once remove, as the claim of the Indians had not been extinguished; and it was most important to preserve their friendship, in order to prevent their coalescing with the French. Those families already in the enjoyment of their im-

provements, refused to comply with the King's mandate, and most of them were cut off by the savages in 1763-4. From the date of these occurrences, up to 1769, the Greenbrier country contained not a single white settlement. In that year, Captain John Stuart, with a number of others, made improvements, which they continued to hold despite every effort of the Indians to dispossess them. Seven years later, (1776) settlements were made on New River. The lands taken up in this region, being held by what were known as "corn rights"—who ever planted an acre of corn, acquired a title to one hundred acres of land.



# France Claims Land Watered by Ohio

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Such were the grounds upon which two of the greatest European nations claimed supremacy in the beautiful and luxuriant valley of the Ohio. Without stopping to discuss the merits of either, we will proceed in the continuation of our history.

France, convinced of the justice of her claim, and determined not to be overawed by the threatening attitude of her great rival, adopted at a very early day, the most efficient means for maintaining her position in the great valley of the West. In 1720, she erected Fort Chartres in Illinois, one of the strongest posts in its day on the Continent of North America. It was constructed by a military engineer of the Vauban school, and was designed to be one of a cord of posts reaching from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. That at Vincennes was established in 1735, at which time the valley of the Wabash, or Ouabache, was strongly defended.

## DATE TO REMEMBER; STORY TO WAIT FOR

One of the most stirring chapters in the settlement years of West Virginia was the attack and massacre of Fort Sybert.

Time, 1758. Fort defended by pioneer settlers. Attacked by Shawnee Indians under Chief Killbuck. Scene, on South Fork of South Branch of the Potomac, twelve miles northeast of Franklin, now in Bethel District, Pendleton County.



# Do You Remember the Old Country Store?

BREATHES THERE A PERSON WITH SOUL SO DEAD WHO NEVER TO HIMSELF HAS SAID, "AH, ME FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE COUNTRY STORE, THE DAYS OF THE DRUMMER AND THE CRACKER BARREL AND BAG OF CANDY WHEN THE BILL WAS PAID."

By J. W. Jones

This morning's paper told us the sad news that the "OLD RED MILL COUNTRY STORE" had been destroyed by fire. My, what a shame that the younger generation couldn't have had the opportunity to visit this old store and see how their forefather's traded.

My son asked, why was the old country store so different than today's stores? I said "Son, get yourself comfortable and I'll tell you a few things about the old country stores." The old country store was the meeting place for friends and neighbors, to swap jokes, gossip and argue politics and discuss things in general. The store carried every item that was necessary to exist on, one could find everything from a buggywhip to callico cloth. Sugar and flour came from the big cities in wooden barrels, even crackers were shipped in barrels and a bag of crackers cost 15c, although sometimes the store keeper's cat would be found curled up asleep in the cracker barrel, that didn't hurt them much. The store depended upon it's customers to trade in eggs, ginseng and products of the farm. All country stores had a big pot bellied stove with a wooden sandbox around it filled with sand, for the convenience of the tobacco chewers, and most of the times the storeowner himself was the biggest chewer. It was also the custom for the owner to furnish

the next fifteen minutes berating them and clean the grease from his ear, which he never did get it all off, until he went home and took a bath.

I think most of all the tall tales originated in the country store, for every community had at least two, who could really tell them, one in particular that I have never forgotten and that was "Old Si" telling about his crosseyed Uncle digging a well by hand, he was so cross-eyed that he dug the well so crooked, he fell out of the well and broke his neck. And the one about his Uncle Clem who was a prospector and loved pop corn, said his uncle was crossing the desert with a pack mule loaded down with pop-corn, the sun got so hot, it popped the pop corn,

the mule thought it was snowing and laid down and froze to death.

## Slick "Drummer"

All country store owners at one time or another would fall prey to some slick "Drummer" as salesmen were called in those days, one came to our town once selling candy kisses, the prize being a beautiful harp, providing the store owner brought 12 dozen boxes of the candy kisses, the "Drummer" demonstrated his harp on how easy it was to learn to play the harp, each owner bought the candy kisses, with the result that warm weather arrived and the candy melted, and neither of the buyers ever learned to play the

harp.

Country storekeepers were trusting souls, all one had to do to establish credit was simply tell the owner just about what time of the month or months that payment would be made. Most old stores kept a ledger with each customer's account alphabetically filed, it was rarely that any accounts were unpaid, excusing a few deadbeats that purposely bought the merchandise with no intentions of paying for it. Most storekeepers issued "Due bills" if customers produce was greater than amount bought, for years I thought they were called "Jew" bills. It sure was a treat to take a "Jew" bill and trade it for licorice candy.

Country stores always kept everything for sale, and a great number of patent medicines were sold. One I knew had three or four ceps, anyone of his showed up with the and wanted a tooth lighted the old fellow, reach up on the shelf the desired one, wipe on his apron and yank tooth, and then tell to wash out his mouth warm salt water. Then say, "That'll be a please."

Those days are gone. Mr. Jones resides at ville.



WEST VIRGINIA IN THE INDUSTRIAL WHIRL

West Virginia has a swirl in the industrial whirl of

dishes, drank coffee, and worried himself near to wishing he were dead. Then he smashed his cup against the wall. Ocee's oldest girl left her children and came to stand in front of her husband. She gave him another cup and said: "Go ahead. Smash it!"

He did.

"Now," she said, "why not go fishing? There's time enough for a man good as you to get ahead."

**HARRIS HOTEL IN NEW YORK**  
**HOVEL TIMES SQUARE**  
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IN THIS PART OF THE STATE

**Thousands**



to the loafers, and every loafer would try his knife out on the benches, I have yet to see one of those benches that wasn't almost cut in to by the whittlers.

### 1. Good Sense of Humor

Most store owner's had a good sense of humor, and a few would play tricks on the unsuspecting one. One storekeeper invariably pulled the egg in hat gag on every new boy that came to town, the storeowner would bet one of the loafers that he could hide an egg between the counters, then after the bet was made the hunter of the egg would go outside and the egg was invariably hid under the hat of the new boy, after searching for the egg for a few minutes the storekeeper would say, "I suppose I'll have to pay off this time unless it's under this boy's hat" and with a quick slap on the head of the new and unsuspecting boy he would break the egg, boy, what a gooey mess the new boy's hair would be in, but that was great fun for the on-lookers. Another storekeeper's favorite pastime was to slip a sheet of sticky fly paper underneath some unsuspecting loafer, just as he started to sit up on the counter. Another favorite pastime for the boys was to grease the receiver of the party-line telephone and then go over to the blacksmith shop and ring the store's long and two shorts, generally the clerk would take all phone calls, it really was fun to see him answer the phone, stick that greasy receiver up to his ear and yell "Halloo" then when no answer was received, he would invariably say "Them danged boys, has done it agin" and he would spend

plant magazine is captioned "form of pig, log and billet, moves directly to market from three strategically-located reduction works in Louisiana, West Virginia and Washington."

## Grandma Ocee and Her Kids

By Nick Mandas

Grandma Ocee raised her three children with rough and ready methods. Her boy married and went to Missouri to farm. One daughter married a business man in town. Her oldest girl married a farmer.

After the first world war, the oldest girl's husband took his family to the city where all the money was suppose to be. He didn't know then that you made money with your back only on the farm.

He woke up one Sunday morning in the depression year of 1935 and stared at the dingy ceiling in the cool dawn light. He knew it was the wrong time for a poor man to live in the city.

Peace of mind came only when he slept in their patched bed clothes next to his wife. And sleep was all he got, because his woman had rebelled in this time of strife.

Ignoring any temptation there might be in her nearness, he rose, dressed, and roused his kids from sleep. He took the chamber pot to the basement privy, let the dog in and then, barefooted, scrounged their breakfast from the back yard garden. In the alley, he checked pigeon traps for supper meat.

He cleaned the garbage that dogs had spilled out of the can

and remembered the pigs he'd slopped on his father's place, the cows he'd milked, the hayloft's moist smell. He felt again the safety there'd been in his mother's gaze. He longed for the lost warmth of a farm girl bride—hungered for the heft of having a job.

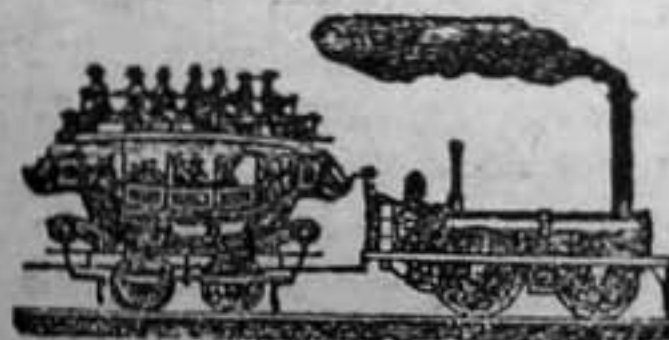
Back in the kitchen he watched his wife feed love to his kids in place of food. She made do in flour-sack dresses and slippers so her kids could have milk, her husband his tobacco, and she could have yarn to knit socks when she took her ease.

He sat among the breakfast

### QUOTE

(From the September 17, 1840 issue of the Virginia Free Press of Charlestown, Virginia, John S. and H. N. Gallaher, Publishers).

### TRAVELLING.



### ON THE RAIL-ROAD.

THE Passenger Train of Cars will leave the Ticket Office at Winchester every day at a quarter past 5 o'clock, A. M. By this arrangement Travellers can accomplish the journey between Winchester and Philadelphia in 18 hours—and between Winchester and Washington City in a fraction less than 13 hours. Passengers returning, leave Baltimore at 7 o'clock, A. M., and the city of Washington at 6 o'clock, A. M., and arrive in Winchester at 5 o'clock, P. M.

J. GEO. HEIST, Agent.  
Winchester, March 5, 1840.

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# Oh, Papa, Why Don't You Stop Drinking?

(Submitted by E. L. M., Bridgeport)

Oh, papa, why don't you stop drinking?

Our home is so lonely and sad,  
And Mamma is rapidly sinking.  
Oh, papa, she's looking so bad.  
Her heart is all broken by sorrow  
Because of your drinking, I know,  
And should she be called home to-morrow,

Oh, where would your little ones go?

Oh, papa, I pray you stop drinking  
And come back and love us again;  
Of you we are constantly thinking,  
And mamma oft whispers your name.  
Her voice is so weak and so feeble,  
Her eyes now with tears have grown dim;

Perhaps she will never be able  
To sing us just one more sweet hymn.

Then, papa, how can I stop pleading?

Oh, do not refuse, I pray,

My poor mamma's heart is now bleeding,

And yet you are staying away.

Oh, do you not love us, dear papa?

Pray look in my eyes once again

And see there the traces of mamma  
Ere she by your life has been slain.

Oh, who in this world then would love us

Should mamma be taken away?

For, papa, you do not care for us

Or else you would come home and stay.

We love you, dear papa, as ever,

'Twas drinking that drove you from home;

It came, sweetest love chords to sever

And caused us in sorrow to roam.



## TAPS

Fading light  
Dims the sight,  
And a star gems the sky,  
Gleaming bright,  
From a-far,  
Drawing nigh,  
Falls the night,

Dear one, rest!  
In the west  
Sable night  
Lulls the day on her breast.  
Sweet, good night!  
Now away  
To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams!  
Lo, the beams  
Of the light  
Fairy moon kiss the streams.  
Love, good night!  
Ah, so soon!  
Peaceful dreams!—

# Some Day Somebody Will Find A 211 Year-Old Lead Pl

When the Ohio first became known to Europeans its great Valley was in possession of Red men who claimed ownership of all the territory drained by affluents of that river. His villages were on every stream and his hunting grounds embraced every hill and valley.

European discoverers, explorers and adventurers penetrated this vast wilderness and glowing descriptions were reported of its fertile soil, mineral wealth, and abundance of fur-bearing animals. But it was not until England and France, the two great rival nations of Europe, became impressed with the vast prospective growth and value of the region, and each prepared to grasp the coveted prize, that the native owners of the soil began to take serious alarm. On the one side, England claimed the wide expanse from the Alleghenies to the Northern Lakes; while France asserted ownership of the same from the Northern Lakes to the Alleghenies. Thus the title to the whole Ohio Valley, including nearly all of West Virginia, was in dispute. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to which both these powers were parties, while it



The French take control of the Ohio Valley

to the Ohio Company half a million acres of land to be located west of the Alleghenies and largely in West Virginia. Other steps were taken to secure possession of the uncultivated lands.

France determined not to

His journal is in the archives of the Department de la Marine, in Paris. Much of it has been published in this country. For our fullest knowledge of it we are indebted to the historical writings of Orsamus H. Marshall.

of the City of Wheeling they buried the third blank on it was as follows: "Enterre a l'est de la riviere, et sur la rive nale de Kanououana charge a l'est de la

Translation: Buried



## The French take control of the Ohio Valley

to the Ohio Company half a million acres of land to be located west of the Alleghenies and largely in West Virginia. Other steps were taken to secure possession of the uncultivated lands.

France determined not to yield before the threatening attitude of her powerful rival, and, as a preliminary step in taking formal possession of the Valley of the Ohio, her Government resolved to send an expedition to bury leaden plates at the mouth of the principal tributaries of that river. These bore inscriptions asserting the claims of France to the great Valley. The engraving thereon was the work of Paul de Brosse an artist of Canada, with the exception of a blank which was to be filled with the name of the place of interment. The expedition for this purpose was organized by the Marquis de la Gallissoniere, then the Governor-General of Canada. It consisted of eight subaltern officers, six cadets an armorer, twenty soldiers, one hundred and eighty Canadians, thirty Iriquois Indians, twenty-five Abenaka Indians, and Father Bonnecamps, who called himself the Jesuit Mathematician, the whole in command of Captain Bienville de Celeron.

His journal is in the archives of the Department de la Marine, in Paris. Much of it has been published in this country. For our fullest knowledge of it we are indebted to the historical writings of Orsamus H. Marshall.

Supplied with six leaden plates to be deposited along the Ohio, the expedition left La Chine on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, June 15, 1749, and arrived at Niagara Falls on the 6th of July. On the 20th it was on the Allegheny River near the present town of Warren, Pennsylvania, where, on the south bank of that river, opposite the mouth of Connewango Creek, the first plate was buried. August 3rd the second one was interred on the same river "four leagues below the mouth of French Creek."

The voyage was continued down the Allegheny and then on the Ohio and the movements of the expedition now become of the deepest interest to every student of West Virginia History. On the 13th of August it reached the mouth of Wheeling Creek, called in De Celeron's Journal the Kanououara, where a landing was effected and the officers went on shore, where they stood, the first Europeans on the site

of the City of Wheeling, they buried the third plate, blank on it was the following: "Enterre-a la riviere, et sur la rive orientale de Kanououara, charge a l'est de la

Translation: Buried at the mouth and on the east of the river Kanououara, empties into the mouth of the Ohio river. This has never been found. Celeron nor Bonnecamps such a description of the place as to warrant a positive location of the place.

That it was at the present Wheeling Creek, its north bank is on the apex of a triangular upper terrace, at the confluence of the Ohio. It has been suggested it may lie beneath the river or northern end, of the Baltimore & Ohio bridge. If it has not been destroyed by the caving of the river, it still remains where it was for two hundred years, and inscribed in the language, is now a well-known and unheard of efforts of France to secure possession of the Ohio and of West Virginia of it.

claimed the wide expanse from the Alleghenies to the Northern Lakes; while France asserted ownership of the same from the Northern Lakes to the Alleghenies. Thus the title to the whole Ohio Valley, including nearly all of West Virginia, was in dispute. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to which both these powers were parties, while it terminated a long and sanguinary war in Europe, left many subjects of controversy still unsettled. Among them were the territorial boundaries between the French and English in America.

England lost no time in taking measures for the occupation and colonization of the disputed territory, and one of the first acts of the Crown was to grant

tended to lay off their fort, Hves Shingiss, king of the Delawares."

Well do we remember, how often, in the joyous days of ripening youth, we have roamed over the beautiful grounds celebrated as the once residence of the noble and generous Shingiss. The spot is a short distance from the river, and a little south by west from McKee's rocks;—a rugged promontory just below the mouth of Chartier's Creek. Associated with this locality are many wild and startling Indian



## Ohio Claimed by Lead Plates

As a preliminary step in taking formal possession of the Ohio and its tributaries, the Marquis de la Galissoniere, Governor-general of Canada, determined to place along the "Oyo" or La Belle Riviere, at the confluence of important tributaries, leaden plates, suitably inscribed, asserting the claim of France to the lands on both sides of the river, even to the heads of the tributaries. One of these plates has recently been discovered at the mouth of Kanawha (Point Pleasant). It was found by a son of John Beale, Esqr., in April, 1846.

Two other plates, similar to the one found at Point Pleasant, have been recovered. The first at Venango, and the other at Marietta, a copy of which is given by Dr. Hildreth in his

Pioneer History. Others were doubtless deposited at different points between French Creek and the mouth of the Ohio.

### Acted for Pennsylvania

M. Celeron, commandant of the expedition depositing these plates, having ascertained from some of the traders, that they acted under commissions from the Governor of Pennsylvania, wrote to that officer, enjoining upon him the necessity of preventing his people from trading beyond the Appalachian mountains, as he had been authorized to seize the traders and confiscate their goods. Celeron having discharged the duty imposed upon him, to the satisfaction of his government, was shortly afterwards appointed Commandant at Detroit.

"M. Celeron was no sooner



SETTLER'S HOME  
(From Virgil Lewis)

gone from La Belle Riviere than the English traders returned in crowds. They had orders from the Government, to excite the Indians to take up arms against France; nay, they even brought them arms and ammunition."



# Rebs Have Poor Opinion of Way Yanks Fight

Winchester, Feb. 4: R. L. Dabney, the Southern reporter, following Stonewall Jackson in West Virginia, gives this report of the way the Yanks fight:

"Cowardice . . . was the natural sequel to the barbarities by which they had disgraced the name of soldiers. As soon as the Confederates passed Hanging Rock, they began to see marks of desolation, then new, but now, alas! familiar to their eyes. Nearly every dwelling, mill, and factory, between that place and Romney, was consumed; the tanneries were destroyed, and the unfinished hides slit into ribbons; the roadside was strewn with the carcasses of milk-kine, oxen, and other domestic animals, shot down in mere wantonness.

"As they came in view of the town, lately smiling in the midst of rural beauty, scarcely any-

thing appeared, by which it could be recognized by its own children, save the everlasting hills which surround it.

"Gardens, orchards, and out-buildings, with their enclosures, were swept away; the lawns were trampled by cavalry horses into mire; many of the dwellings were converted into stables, and the blinds and wainscot torn down for fuel; and every church, save one, which the Federal commander reserved for the pious uses of his own chaplains, were foully desecrated.

## Outrages

"And these outrages had no pretext, for the despoilers had found Romney a defenseless town, and had entered it at their leisure, without resistance. Their crimes are detailed here, not because the fate of this once charming village has been pe-

culiar among the towns cursed by Federal occupation. If every such instance, which had been added in the progress of the war, were detailed with a similar truthful particularity, the narrative would only be extended, and marked with a dreary and repulsive monotony.

General Stonewall Jackson wrote in his report:

"I do not feel at liberty to close this report without alluding to the conduct of the reprobate Federal commanders, who in Hampshire county, have not only burned valuable mill-property, but also private houses. Their track from Romney to Hanging Rock, a distance of fifteen miles, was one of desolation. The number of dead animals lying along the roadside, where they had been shot by the enemy, exemplified the spirit of that part of the Northern army."

# Terrible Tragedy of Early Days Was the Fort Seybert Massacre

By Mildred Baker Harman

*Mrs. Harman was told this story by Mrs. Alice Harman who heard it from Mrs. Mollie Hedrick an old woman at the time of the telling more than 30 years ago. Mrs. Hedrick was helping prepare the wedding feast for Mr. Mallow's second wedding when his captured wife returned.*

In the year 1758, one May morning, Killbuck, the Indian warrior, leading a number of his braves, stole up on Fort Seybert in what is now Pendleton County, and in a surprise attack captured the fort, killed a number of the refugees and carried away many more as captives. The fort was built in 1756 on the west bank of the South Fork River and on this particular occasion it was only inhabited by old men, women and children. The day previous word had come of Indian depredations at Lost River and the able bodied men from Ft. Seybert had gone to the assistance of the whites in that vicinity.

So much is known to history, but so far nothing has been written of the intimate details of the massacre, the cunning and cruelty of the red men, and the effects on the lives of some of the people many years after. So I will here relate the story or group of stories as told by one who was captured and finally after several years, escaped and found her way back to Pendleton County.

she found the opportunity and bringing with her a child born since her capture, returned to her home in Pendleton County. Her arrival occurred just at the time of the preparation for her husband's second wedding; he of course believing her dead. She said the child was the son of her husband but many believed it to be that of the Indian chief as many of his descendants are still living and bear strong Indian resemblances.

Mrs. Mallow answered many questions about the capture and told many exciting stories. She said after the raid on the fort the Indians and their captives made their way to Ohio and the first important step was at Greenwalt Gap. The Indians had been carrying the heavy kettle of money which they stole from the fort and its weight impeded their progress so a stout pole was run through the handle and two of the Indians disappeared with it. In about two hours they returned without it and local lore has it that the kettle is still buried in the mountains near there as the Indians were never through that part of the country again to reclaim it.

Another incident relative to Greenwalt Gap is that one of the chiefs who had become injured, made them stop and a parley was held. At his insistence they carried him up a hillside, built a stone wall around him and provided him with food and water. The Indians then moved



redations at Lost River and the able bodied men from Ft. Seybert had gone to the assistance of the whites in that vicinity.

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Killbuck the Indian leader, was suffering from some real or imaginary injury at the hands of one Peter Casey, so in true Indian fashion he vowed vengeance on all white people in that vicinity. He chose an opportune time for the attack when all the able bodied men were away at Lost River and thus gained easy access to the fort. As the redskins were approaching a boy in the fort raised his gun to fire at Killbuck, but an old man stopped him. Killbuck later said that if he had been killed the Indians would have retreated and probably disbanded.

The Indians promised the whites that no harm would come to them if they surrendered. They agreed and eleven of them were told to be seated on a log with their backs to the Indians and at a given signal eleven tomahawks were buried in their heads. Even now eleven graves may be seen just back of the site of the fort.

The fort was ransacked for food, ammunition and money. Among other things taken was an old iron pot, holding fully a half bushel, and filled with

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Another incident relative to Greenwalt Gap is that one of the chiefs who had become injured, made them stop and a parley was held. At his insistence they carried him up a hillside, built a stone wall around him and provided him with food and water. The Indians then moved on and the people of that vicinity could hear him chant his death song for several days. He died and his bones were to be seen in the enclosure for a long time and even in recent years a part of the stone fence could still be seen.

Not all the captives were taken with Killbuck's party to Ohio. Another woman captured at the Fort Seybert massacre was led by an Indian down the South Fork River and crossed the Potomac where the waters are very swift. Each captive was led by an Indian. While wading she slipped and in falling loosened her hold on the Indian and was washed down the river for some distance where some debris had collected around the roots of an old Sycamore tree lodged there. She managed to crawl up on the side and hide. Feeling something soggy against her body she drew forth a loaf of bread which in the excitement she had thrust inside her jacket. She subsisted on this for two days and when danger of being apprehended by the Indians was past, she found her way back home.

In storming the fort, one boy was pushed behind the door

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Among those taken captive was a Mallow woman, wife of Moses Mallow. As the company drew near Greenwalt Gap, the Indians became annoyed by the cries of a baby in her arms and taking it from her placed its head in the boughs of a sapling and let the tree go, thus breaking the child's neck. Later when asked if she cried, Mrs. Mallow said, No, what was the use, but everything got black before me for a while. The Indians were impressed by her courage and also her long black hair, so Killbuck carried her captive into Ohio where he kept her for six years.

Daily, monthly, yearly, she watched her chance for escape, and finally after six long years

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In storming the fort, one boy was pushed behind the door when it was thrown open. He was still unnoticed when all the other occupants had been killed or carried captive, and so escaped.

One man who was too ill to go with the other men who went to the relief of the fort at Lost River was captured and also his son. The boy was fat and unable to keep up with the march. The Indians fastened leather thongs to his wrists and tied him up to a tree and built a fire all around him while the father was compelled to watch his son roast to death. It is said he could see the thongs curling and uncurling as the boy ran around the tree in an effort to escape. The father was later put to death.



real will be liquid assets.

**The WEST VIRGINIA**

SINGLE

COPY

**10c**

# Hillbilly

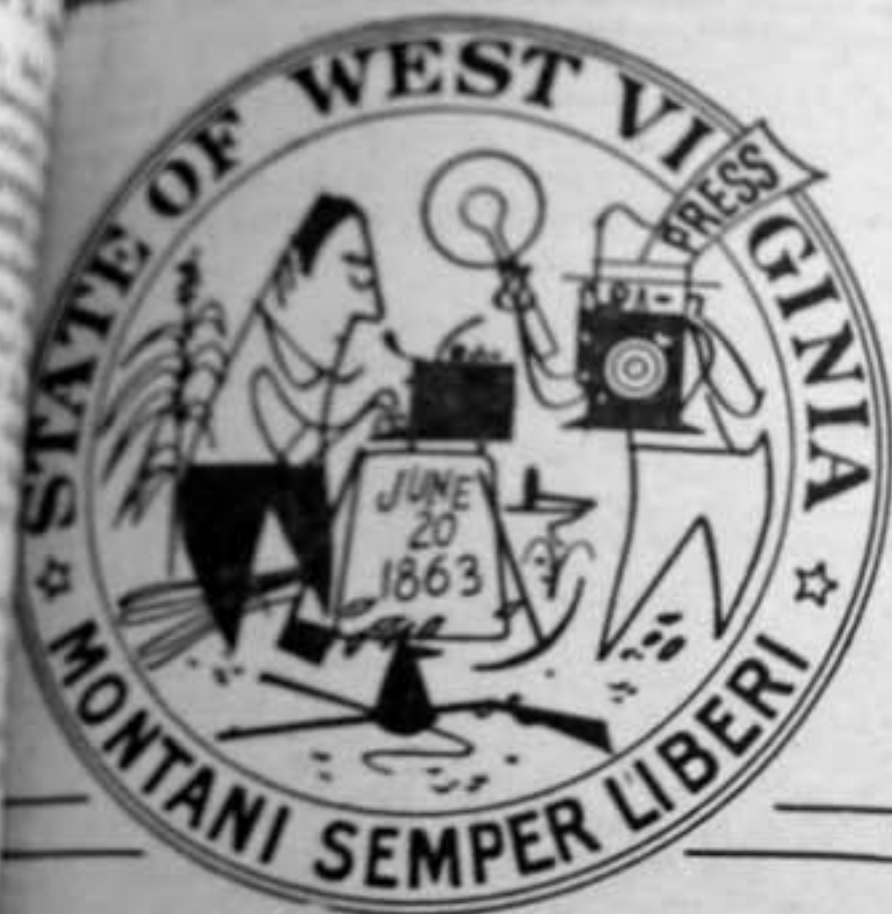
VOL. III NO. 6

FEBRUARY 10, 1962

RICHWOOD, W. VA.

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By Michael J. Dunn III

Central line, buried deep in the southwestern hills of Kanawha County. With a kind of cocky independence, the line for years has been telling the world through the medium of the official railroad guide that it really isn't in business at all—through a notation in the guide that says "service suspended"—while continuing daily to trundle coal hoppers down to the C&O behind its

track and reverse direction in zig-zag fashion in order to gain altitude along a hillside. Modern as tomorrow with heavily ballasted trackage and the most up-to-date diesels, WVN was first built as a flimsy narrow gauge line in the 1870's and was standard gauged around 1890. Its continuing progress is evidence by a new six-mile branch constructed in 1958; this is almost half as long as the main line. Carefully groomed trackage, spotless shops and immaculate

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Familiar to railfans because of its camel herald is the Campbell's Creek Railroad, which has its base of operation and shops literally within the shadow of the turnpike bridge across the Kanawha River, at Port Amherst. Here too the CC has a large yard, a water terminal

when timber cutting has declined, mere survival hasn't been easy either. It is only by constant pride, pluck and independence that these interesting little railroads have survived and met the challenges of the 1960's.

Typical of the mountaineer attitude not to take things lying down, when Richwood's own Cherry River Boom & Lumber's wood hauling began to ebb, it could have given up. But it didn't. Retrenching drastically

when you're a mountaineer, you have to get along with the land. You're a short line railroad—usually one in West Virginia—you have to get along with the land too. Not a fat, sleek road rich with the promise of farms and ranches and hard, nor sprawling with immense factories. No. A lean road where farms hang onto the sides for dear life and factories squeeze into the river gaps. West Virginia has a generous way of little independent



# Salute to the Little Mountain Railroads

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If you're a mountaineer, you know how to get along with the land. You're a short line railroad—usually one in West Virginia—you have to get along with the land too. Not a fat, sleek road with the promise of a farm and ranches and yards, nor sprawling with immense factories. No. A lean road where farms hang onto the sides for dear life and faces squeeze into the river beds. West Virginia has a generous number of little independent short line railroads that have weathered out of this tie with the world. There was not an easy road; mostly they were born out of the quest for the riches of the forest—the products of forest mines. In an era when most people don't ride trains any more, when the premium traffic has gone to the trucks and

when timber cutting has declined, mere survival hasn't been easy either. It is only by constant pride, pluck and independence that these interesting little railroads have survived and met the challenges of the 1960's.

Typical of the mountaineer attitude not to take things lying down, when Richwood's own Cherry River Boom & Lumber's wood hauling began to ebb, it could have given up. But it didn't. Retrenching drastically and with its last single steamer stored in a shed, it used its diesels to haul a newcomer traffic—coal. Its peak mileage was 142, and its logging was done up the Williams River in the Jerryville area (both in Webster County) as well as along the more recent branch along the Cherry River from Richwood.

## Unusual Story

Unusual is the story of the Beech Mountain Railroad, operating around a dozen miles of track in Upshur and Randolph Counties. Several times the line has survived serious reverses, making a complex and interesting history. The line was built as a narrow gauge logging line in the 1890's and standard gauged later as it kept extending its tracks eastward and southward from the mill town of Alexander into the forested hills of Randolph County. Suc-

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Warming the hearts of all who observe it, the Buffalo Creek & Gauley is still a proud adherent of the grand tradition of steam railroading. Its three steamers (Consolidations) haul long trains up and down the eighteen miles between the B&O at Dundon and the mines at Wider. Over heavy rail and trackage alternately blasted out of solid rock and following tree-shaded watercourses. At the mine the affiliated mining company still uses steam locomotives for switching and has steam-operated logging operations along

track and reverse direction in zig-zag fashion in order to gain altitude along a hillside. Modern as tomorrow with heavily ballasted trackage and the most up-to-date diesels, WVN was first built as a flimsy narrow gauge line in the 1870's and was standard gauged around 1890. Its continuing progress is evidence by a new six-mile branch constructed in 1958; this is almost half as long as the main line. Carefully groomed trackage, spotless shops and immaculate diesels all reflect loving care—a standard of pride, of spit-and-polish unequaled on any short-line in the east.

## Only Common Carrier

Until its 1960 dieselization (and that by offbeat diesel type) the Middle Fork Railroad in Randolph near Elkins was a haven for offbeat steam power. The line was the only common carrier in the east where the searchers could find specimens of the Heisler and Climax—both rare breeds of geared locomotives specially built for rugged service over steep grades, sharp curves and rough track. Of these the Middle Fork used to have plenty, for its lifetime has seen its trackage extend over at least sixty miles of grade. Most of this was logging track built in the area around Adolph to funnel logs down to the parent company's mill at Ellamore. As emphasis shifted

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(Turn to Page 14)



No longer needed for a service, locomotive number 6 of parent Moore Keppel & Company, sleeps on the



Little Allan Confer beams proudly from the front of



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Creating an almost princely impression among the state's short lines is the outstanding West Virginia Northern. This line, which shuns the formality of a caboose, rolls several heavy coal drags daily over its roller-coaster iron from the Kingwood-Howesville area to Tunnelton and the B&O. It boasts the only mainline set of switchbacks known to this writer; these are points at which the train must head or back into a deadend

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Clustered along the Kanawha River east of Charleston are four short lines. The only one on the southwest side of the river is the seven-mile Winifrede Railroad. Though this line functions mainly as the outlet of the mines at Winifrede, for a long time after its 1882 opening it also carried passenger and general freight. The coal trains now brought down the mainline which parallels Field Creek between Winifrede and Winifrede Junction terminate in the yard at the junction, where the C&O picks up some of the cars and the rest are unloaded by a dumper into barges on the river. Like most of its fellow lines, Winifrede has a

ney. Celebrating sixty years of  
(Turn to Page 14)



Little Allan Confer beams proudly from the front of Shay locomotive 16, borrowed by the Beech Mountain from F. C. Cook & Co., for rebuilding the line in 1953-54. Number 16 began its career in Richwood as Cherry River Boom & Lumber 16, is still in service as Ely-Thomas 2, at Fenwick.



Twin diesel units, operating under multiple-unit control — growl up grade to the B&O Interchange at Tunnelton, on a gloomy May, 1961 morning, first day of the multiple-unit operation.

In the yard at Alexander, the road engine makes up train for the run to Beech Junction and the mines. In time, in the rain, the afternoon, May 1, 1961.



# Local Government Is Established

The Virginians have always been a liberty-loving and a law-abiding people, and as they advanced westward into the wilderness they endeavored to have civil government extended over them.

At the time of the settlement of Morgan Morgan, and the coming of the German mechanics to Shepherdstown, the country occupied by them was within

the limits of Spottsylvania County the western limit of which was undefined.

In 1734, Orange County was formed from Spottsylvania and the inhabited part of West Virginia was included in it until 1738, when the House of Burgesses created Frederick County, the northern half of which was about the same as that of the present counties of Berke-

ley, Morgan and Jefferson. But five years passed away and it was 1743 before there was sufficient population to justify the organization of Frederick County, and it was not until that year that Governor Gooch named the justices of the peace for the new county.

Morgan Morgan was the first one named and thus the first settler in West Virginia became the first civil officer within the limits of the State.

## Early Settlers of West Virginia Were Bound Together By Common Hardships

In 1730, and the years immediately following, a number of daring frontiersmen found homes in West Virginia.

They settled principally upon the Opequon, Back Creek, Tuscarora Creek, Little and Great Cacapon, along the Potomac and in the South Branch Valley. Some were Scotch Irish and

forced them into a united whole and so complete was the assimilation that instead of a later divergence they have by common interests become more firmly bound together.

### TOOK FATHER'S ADVICE

It has been stated that John

## John Van Matre Early Explorer

About the year 1725, John Van Matre, a representative of an old Dutch family of New York, traversed the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac.

He was an Indian trader making his headquarters with the